



No. 364.—VOL. XXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



MAJOR-GENERAL J. E. H. PRIOR, WHO DIED FROM PNEUMONIA AT ALDERSHOT,
WHILST ASSISTING IN MOBILISING THE SEVENTH DIVISION.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W

THE CLUBMAN.

The service at St. Paul's for the departing Volunteers, when the National Anthem was sung amidst most noble surroundings, was a service the memory of which I shall cherish, for it was beautiful and reverent. I am sorry that I did not say my farewell to the brave fellows then, for the sight of them fighting their way to the station next morning through a boisterously friendly crowd proved the truth of the old proverb, "Too much kindness kills."

The late General Prior, who died before he took over his command, was a man who, whatever he did, did it with all his might. He had never cared much for riding before he went to Ireland, in command of his regiment, but many glorious days with the Ward and other packs made him an enthusiast. He won in one year the Kildare light-weight and the heavy point-to-point races, a feat which no man had performed before.

Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, who died of wounds received whilst commanding the gallant Gordons at the latest of the Ladysmith battles, was a typical Highlander. Bronzed of face and slim of figure, he was exactly

the type that battle-painters delight in drawing, and he and time again in pictures and illustrations. His very light moustache showing against the bronze of his face was a contrast that delighted every artist.

Lord Ava will be much missed in the Clubs, in Society, and on the polo-ground. The death of the cheery, good-natured young Irishman is a great loss. He was at one time Secretary to the Ranelagh Club, had soldiered with the Regulars and Irregulars, prospected in Canada, led cotillions in New York, and had seen more of the world than falls to the lot of most men. When first I met him he was a subaltern in the 17th Lancers, as full of harmless fun as a "Sub." should be.

It was said that all jokes, good, bad, and indifferent, came from the Stock Exchange; but now the only glimmer of fun seems to be found among the Imperial Yeomen. Two incidents which seemed to me to be humorous occurred last week, one in a riding-school, another at Bisley.

A Yeoman recruit, having fired ten rounds without troubling the markers, was asked by the Sergeant if he knew which target he was aiming at, and pointed at the right one. Then he fired some more cartridges, and, having missed steadily every shot, the Sergeant asked him if he had ever fired at a target before. "Rather!" replied the recruit. And he added, as an after-thought, "With an air-gun."

The next *locale* I will introduce you to is a military riding-school. A very smart rough-riding Sergeant-Major is in the centre, with an officer in mufti walking backwards and forwards near him. A Yeoman recruit comes in with a tall, bony charger which knows every trick of the riding-school and which looks on recruits as its legitimate prey. The recruit having mounted, and the command "Walk, March!" having been given, the recruit, prepared for the worst, takes a firm purchase by the reins on the animal's mouth. "Let go his head," says the Sergeant-Major. "It is all very well to say, 'let go his head, governor,'" replies the recruit in a tremulous and aggrieved tone, "but what am I to hold on by?"

The members of the Committee which is responsible for the raising of those troops of the Imperial Yeomanry the members of which are going to pay for their own outfit and give their pay to the Transvaal War Fund have strange experiences. One of the would-be troopers in the corps was a well-known General, retired under the age clause, who feels as fit and young as a boy and can ride and shoot as well as any man twenty years his junior. Sixty-odd years sit lightly on him.

The Honourable Artillery Company has not only given men but money as well for the good cause. There were difficulties of many kinds in arming the battery, which forms part of "The Lord Mayor's Own," with the 12½-pounder Vickers-Maxim quick-firers, which are the most modern and most deadly of guns. One by one the difficulties vanished, until only the money question remained. Good friends of the corps came forward liberally, and Lord Denbigh appealed to the men. He got at once £2000 from them.

It fell to my lot at one time to see a good deal of the work done by the Indian Mounted Volunteers, and I am confident that they will be found as useful as any other body of men in South Africa. Their drills, whether in the plains, in the great compound of one of the planter's houses, or in the hills, on the polo-ground of some little hill-station to which the men would ride five or ten or fifteen miles from the plantations, are always an excuse for a festive gathering, and a parade of the local troop is generally one of the events of a planter's "week." If their drill was not up to the standard of Regulars, their scouting and reconnaissance work, in the field and on paper, seemed to me infinitely better than that of the troopers of the Line. As scouts, when they once have grown used to the veldt, they will be most useful.



Photo by Edwards.

THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL DICK-

CUNYNGHAM, V.C.,

Who Died of Wounds received in the gallant Defence of Ladysmith.

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THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

Coincident with the arrival at Cape Town (on this day last week) of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, the tide of events in South Africa seems to have received an appreciable impetus. At any rate, in less than twenty-four hours after "Bobs" had landed, Sir Redvers Buller commenced his long-expected advance. Pushing hastily forward with a considerable proportion of his troops, he reached a place called Potgieter's Drift, on the south bank of the Tugela River, early on Thursday morning.

This position, which lies somewhat to the west of Colenso, was promptly occupied, and the ferry-raft seized by our men. The river was in flood at the time, but by means of scouts it was discovered that the enemy were strongly intrenched about four miles to the north. As the message containing this information was sent from Springfield, where a Boer commando has lately been encamped, we may confidently expect to be presently hearing of an engagement which Buller is almost certain to have had *en route*. It is, however, possible that the enemy evacuated their position here after delivering the recent assault (described on another page) that failed upon Ladysmith.

At the time of writing, the latest news is to the effect that Sir Redvers, with all his available troops, is vigorously threatening the Boer right. Co-operating with him (in the direction of Weenen) is General Warren, who left Estcourt for this purpose last week. Altogether, the force at Buller's disposal amounts, so far as can be ascertained, to some 25,000 men of all ranks. As these naturally feel that they have a good deal to "wipe off the slate" over the unsuccessful Colenso engagement of the 15th ult., it may be taken for granted that when they meet the enemy the resulting battle will be a severe one. Indeed, rumours are already to hand of an action that raged during the whole of last Saturday in no less than three places simultaneously along the bank of the Tugela.

On Friday last—after nearly a week of terrible suspense—the casualty-list resulting from the Boer attack on Ladysmith of the 6th inst. was at length published. From this it became evident that, heavy although the total was, it did not by any means reach the appalling one of the original estimate of the imaginative Evening Press. Thus, while this had ghoulishly predicted a "great loss of 1000 killed and wounded," the official despatch happily reduced this number by more than one-half. As a matter of fact, the exact figures were—officers, killed 13, wounded 28; rank-and-file, killed 135, wounded 244; or, in all, a total of 420 who, in the soldier-like discharge of their duty to their Sovereign and their country, fell on this hard-fought field. To the wounded, *The Sketch's* sincere hopes for a speedy recovery; to the sorrowing relatives of the gallant dead, its respectful sympathy!

Foremost among the fallen were Lord Ava (attached to the Staff) and Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Dick-Cunyngham, V.C. (2nd Battalion the Gordon Highlanders), who both died of wounds received in this engagement. The first-named was the eldest son of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, and was born in 1863. Of a cheery and genial disposition, he will be much missed by a host of friends, for his nature was such as to readily endear him to everyone with whom he came into contact. At the time of his death he had already gone through one campaign in South Africa, as he had served as a trooper in "Methuen's Horse" during the Bechuanaland Expedition of some years ago. For his distinguished conduct on this occasion he was specially promoted to a commission in the 17th Lancers. A few years later he retired from the Army. When the war broke out, last October, he hastened to "the front," eager to again place his services at the disposal of his country, and was given an appointment on the Staff. It was while discharging the duties of his new post that he received the wounds which shortly afterwards proved mortal.

Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, V.C.—the other officer whose death is being so sincerely mourned—was a soldier of exceptional qualifications. A most experienced soldier (he served in the Afghan Campaign of 1878 and the Transvaal War of 1881), an extremely able "drill," and the proud possessor of the cross "For Valour," the 2nd Gordon Highlanders' ex-Commanding Officer was one who could ill be spared. He had been in Natal only a few weeks, and had already been wounded in action. This was at the Battle of Eland's Laage, where he was hit in the arm. Making a speedy recovery, however, he returned to duty at the end of last month—only to be shortly afterwards mortally wounded.

Just two days after the action in which the above-named officers fell had been fought, there passed away at home a distinguished soldier in the person of Major-General J. E. H. Prior. At the time of his death (resulting from pneumonia) this officer was under orders to proceed to South Africa in command of the 15th Brigade. It was while engaged in making preparations for his departure that General Prior contracted



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.

THE LATE EARL OF AVA (SON OF THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN),
Who Died of Wounds received in the gallant Defence of Ladysmith.



MISS NELLA BERGEN,

THE FINE SINGER AND ACCOMPLISHED ACTRESS WHO PLAYS THE TITLE-PART IN "A MYSTICAL MISS," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

his fatal illness. Hence it may well be said of him that he died on duty, as surely as had he fallen on the field of battle.

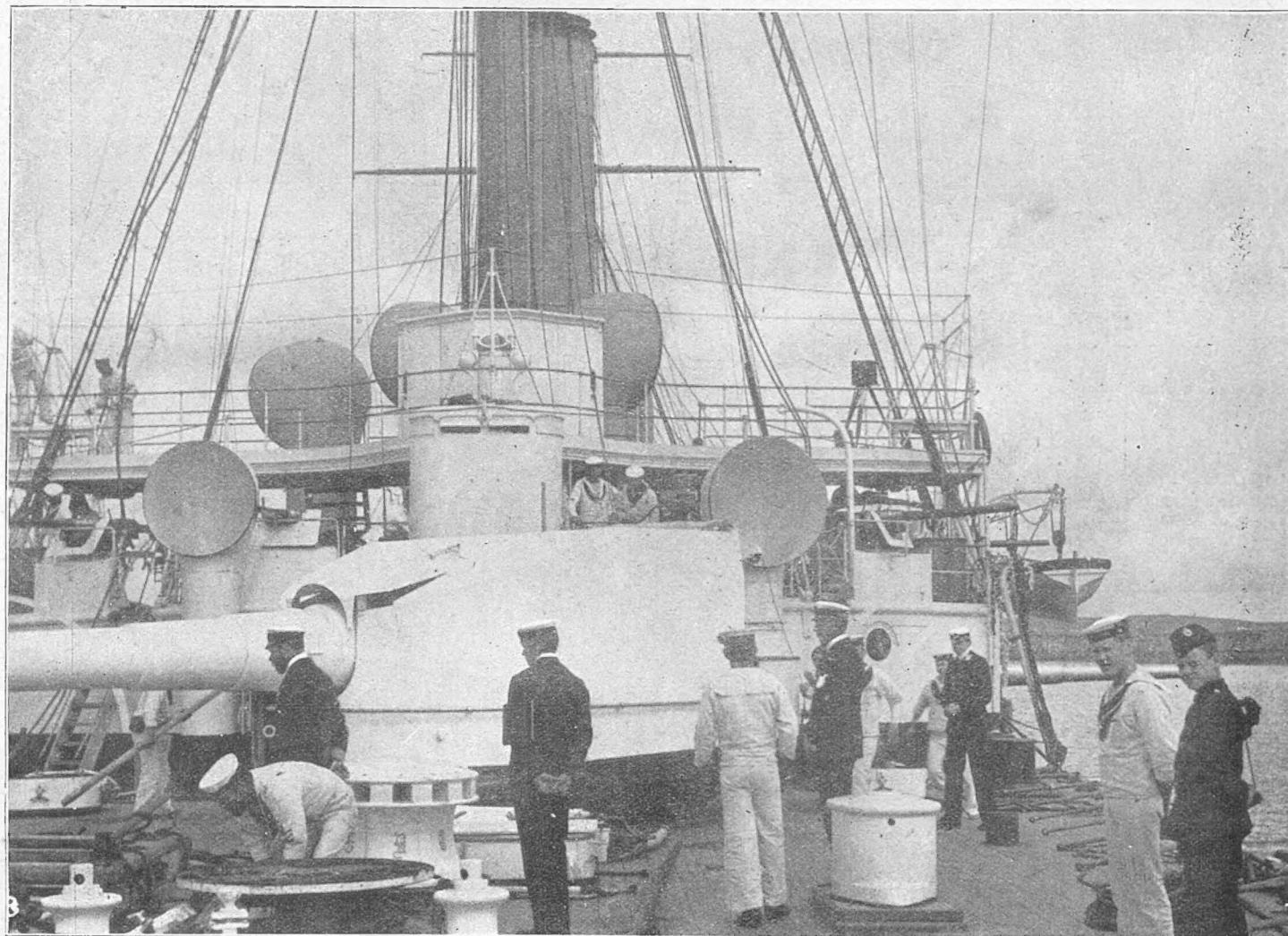
From the camp at Ladysmith a number of heliograph messages have been received during the last few days, showing the position there up to the commencement of this week. According to the latest news to hand, the garrison continues to hold out with all its old gallantry, although those fell foes, dysentery and enteric fever, are daily claiming fresh victims. The spirits of Sir George White's brave fellows, however, are as bright as ever, and on Christmas Day the usual seasonable festivities were observed. Thus, a bountiful dinner was served, through the beneficence of the public at home, for all ranks, and to this the fullest justice was undoubtedly done. Nor were the children forgotten, as four large Christmas-trees, loaded with presents, were specially provided for them.

On the 9th inst. a smart piece of work was carried out by General French, who, with one squadron of the Inniskillings and a couple of field-guns, made a "demonstration" in the face of a Boer force near Rensburg. Later on, on the same day, Colonel Porter, with some cavalry, occupied a farm named Slingers Fontein, to the south-east of Colesberg. On the following morning, a Boer laager was discovered here, by means of a reconnaissance executed by Colonel Neeld with three

A NEW NAVAL COMMAND FOR THE DUKE OF YORK.

It is very generally believed in naval circles that the Duke of York will very shortly return to the Navy and fly his pennant once more as chief in command of one of Her Majesty's ships. The Duke of York's last command was the first-class cruiser, the *Crescent*. He was in charge of this fine vessel during the Manoeuvres in the summer of 1898, and by his earnestness and good-humour he won the hearts of all on board, from highest to lowest. The Duke has gone steadily through all the grades of promotion in the Navy. Beginning as a Midshipman, he was appointed Lieutenant, then Commander, and then Captain—his present rank. He has yet to be made Rear-Admiral, Vice-Admiral, and Admiral of the Fleet.

The first command which the Duke of York held in the Royal Navy was in 1889, when he was appointed to the charge of a first-class torpedo-boat. His next advance, in 1890, was to a gunboat, the *Thrush*, while on Aug. 26, 1891, His Royal Highness was gazetted Commander, and soon afterwards was given the charge of one of the second-class cruisers—H.M.S. *Melampus*.



H.R.H. The Duke of York.

THE DUKE OF YORK ON BOARD THE "CRESCENT," SUPERINTENDING THE GUNNERS WORKING THE 9.2-INCH GUN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WEST AND SON, SOUTHSEA.

squadrons of mounted troops. The enemy were entirely outflanked, and, at the moment of writing, an action is in progress.

At home the most important event of the past week was the despatch to "the front" of the first five hundred of the newly raised City Volunteers. The embarkation, which occurred at Southampton on Saturday last, was preceded by a farewell march from Finsbury to Nine Elms Station. During the progress of this a reception was accorded to the gallant "Citizen Soldiers" that must long live in the memory of all who witnessed it. Indeed, it is doubtful if the splendid enthusiasm of the dense crowd that lined every yard of the route along which the Volunteers passed has ever been equalled in the Civic history of London. Early as was the hour at which the departure was commenced, thousands of persons were assembled to bid their kindred "Godspeed," and from its start to finish the march was accompanied by a continuous succession of deafening cheers. Had any of the sympathisers with the "Stop the War Movement" been present, they must have been severely disconcerted thereby!

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

In 1898 he rose to the command of H.M.S. *Crescent*, one of the finest first-class cruisers that the British Navy possesses. In choosing the sea as a profession, the Duke of York is but following the example of many of his ancestors. Our first Sailor Prince was Prince Rupert, James the First's grandson, who commanded British fleets in the Dutch Wars of 1666 and 1673. Then there was James, Duke of York, the brother of Charles II., who had the direct command and leadership of the English Fleet in those battles fought in 1665 and 1672 off Lowestoft and Solebay respectively, when the English flag triumphed over the Dutch.

Coming down to a later period, we find two of George the Second's grandsons serving in the Royal Navy, the one Prince Edward, Duke of York and Albany, the other Prince Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland.

Prince Alfred entered the service on Aug. 31, 1858, after a strict and searching examination was appointed a Naval Cadet, and joined Her Majesty's screw-steam frigate *Euryalus*. Subsequently he served on the *St. George*, and in 1867 the now Duke of Edinburgh was appointed to the command of the frigate *Galatea*. In November 1882 he was promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral in Her Majesty's Fleet, and in 1888 was given the command of the Mediterranean Squadron.

As to the future naval career of the Duke of York, little is at present definitely known; all Her Majesty's subjects must, however, in their hearts cherish the hope that our Sailor Prince may long be spared to us and that he will take further commands in the Royal Navy.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS, WITH THE TWO SONS.

WHO ACCOMPANIED THEIR IMPERIAL MAJESTIES ON THEIR RECENT VISIT TO ENGLAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUNN AND STUART, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

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KNICKERBOCKERS. Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH in THE TRIALS OF AN ENTERTAINER. Miss LINDA KESTON in her NEW JAPANESE DANCE. Mr. Hamilton Earle will sing. Mr. A. Playfair will recite. Box-Office open 10.30 to 5.

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| From | A | B | C | D | E | F | G | C | H |
| Victoria... ... | a.m. 9 25 | a.m. 10 5 | a.m. 10 40 | a.m. 10 40 | a.m. 11 0 | a.m. 11 5 | a.m. 11 15 | a.m. 11 40 | p.m. 12 15 |
| *Ken ington ... | ... | ... | 10 10 | ... | ... | ... | ... | 11 10 | ... |
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London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 31, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

SHOT AND SHELL.

In connection with the excellent work that is being performed by the Royal Artillery in South Africa just now, a great many unfamiliar expressions are necessarily employed, which are as Greek to the non-professional reader. For instance, as he reads the War-Correspondents' accounts of the different battles that take place, he finds himself being continually confronted by such severely technical terms as "time-fuses," "palliser shot," "shrapnel shell," "initial velocity," and half-a-hundred others of a similar nature. What they may mean, however, he does not know; at the same time, nevertheless, he wants to do so very much. Accordingly, a few words of explanation on these and kindred matters should not prove unacceptable.

Speaking generally, then, it may be stated, as a preliminary, that the projectiles used by our artillery are divided into three main groups, according to the particular purposes for which they are destined to be employed. These are, in order of importance, known as (1) "armour-piercing," (2) "shrapnel," and (3) "common." As a means of perceiving at a glance to which of these various classes a shell properly belongs, it is painted a distinctive colour. Thus, the armour-piercing variety has a dull-black complexion, relieved by a white ring a few inches from the top, while the shrapnel flaunts itself a brilliant red. In the case of those projectiles charged with the famous "lyddite" explosive, a canary-yellow is substituted.

Shells of this latter description are conical in shape and vary in weight according to the calibre of the gun with which they are employed. In all cases, however, their construction is, in one respect, the same, namely, a steel case with a small opening at the head. Into this a metal plug is closely inserted, until the projectile is required for use. In this instance, the plug is replaced by a fuse. This communicates with an explosive charge placed in the base and ignites spontaneously at the moment of firing. It does not, however, thereby necessarily explode the shell, for this can be delayed until any previously resolved upon point in its flight has been reached.

To make this seeming wonder clear, it must be explained that, before the command "Fire!" is given, the distance from the enemy is calculated by a "range-finder." When this has been ascertained, the fuse is cut down to such a length that it will ensure the shell bursting at a point in its course where it will do most damage. As it hurtles through the air, the fuse attached to it burns steadily, and, when the desired distance has been travelled, its flame reaches the bursting charge in the projectile's base. The rest may be imagined.

It is of the "shrapnel" shell, however, that most is heard just now. This (which, by the way, is named after its inventor, Colonel Shrapnel) is nothing but a reincarnation of a type of projectile that was in use at the beginning of this century and that was constantly employed during the Peninsular War. In its modern form, however, it has undergone a considerable change. As a result, its effectiveness has been immensely improved. Indeed, the destructive power of the variety at present in use is little short of marvellous. This can easily be appreciated when the deadly nature of this terrible "article of war" is considered.

To begin with, a shrapnel shell is a conical steel case containing about 250 bullets, more or less cemented together by melted resin, and weighs about 14 lb. A tube filled with powder runs through the centre of these and connects an explosive charge in the base with a fuse at the top. As an ordinary field-gun can fire twelve rounds per minute, it follows that when shrapnel is employed a single gun can literally deluge the enemy with a hail of lead. Under these circumstances, the effect of a complete battery firing for fifteen minutes almost beggars description.

The use of "case shot" (once known as "canister") is only resorted to when extremely close-range firing is necessary, such, for instance, as when cavalry are charging a position. Projectiles of this nature consist of metal cylinders (usually sheet-iron), closed at each end, with the intervening space filled with bullets. These disperse in a wide wave almost immediately after the gun is fired, and thus do tremendous execution.

The description of shell employed for piercing armour is commonly called "palliser." It is provided with a particularly hard point, which, according to the force with which it is propelled through the air, penetrates the object at which it is aimed. It explodes only on concussion, and is thus used chiefly for the destruction of matériel rather than personnel. A "common shell," on the other hand, bursts before striking, and does its deadly work by breaking up into a hundred fragments in the immediate vicinity of the enemy's position.

Such then, briefly speaking, are the natures of the chief varieties of the projectiles with which the British artillerist is so busily engaged just now in "wiping something off the slate" in different parts of South Africa. It will be readily understood, therefore, that he is not embarrassingly popular with "Oom Paul's" burghers.

M. Louis Arens, Mus. Doc., from the Imperial Opera House, Moscow, had the honour of singing the other day at the Prince and Princess Alexis Dolgorouki's, before the Russian Ambassador (M. de Staal), the Austro-Hungarian Naval Attaché, Count Kinsky, Lord Glenesk, Lady Coke, Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. Dick-Cunningham, Lady Annaly, Sir Archibald and Lady Edmonstone, Mr. W. Wyndham, Mrs. Claud Stracey, Baron Gravenitz, Major Evan Martin, M. Lessar, Mr. Henderson, and a few others. He gave the company "Les Deux Grenadiers," and many German and Italian songs, but was perhaps most admired in the Russian Volkslieds, giving examples of the different styles in vogue among the peasants in various districts of Russia.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Not even in Her Majesty's experience has it happened before that two of her great-grandchildren have been born within a day of one another. On Monday (8th) the Crown Princess of Roumania, affectionately known in her early girlhood as Princess Marie of Edinburgh, gave birth to her third child, a daughter, while Princess Henry of Prussia, one of Her Majesty's favourite granddaughters, the elder sister of the young Empress of Russia, became on the 9th the proud mother of a third son. Owing, of course, to the fact that she herself married so very young, and that so many of her children followed her example, the Sovereign has a unique number of great-grandchildren; indeed, I believe I am correct in saying that no peer or peeress now living has so great a number of descendants. The Queen's eldest great-granddaughter, Princess Henry of Reuss, will be one-and-twenty this May, and was married in the autumn of 1898, so the baby Princess born last week may be said to belong to quite another generation. Her Majesty's eldest great-grandson is the German Crown Prince. He will be eighteen this spring, but is, nevertheless, first-cousin to the infant Prince born on the 9th.

The Duke of Connaught, with his characteristic energy and soldierly promptness, did not lose a moment in taking over his new duties; and it is pleasant to be able to add that the news of his appointment has not only been received with sincere rejoicing in Dublin itself, but has also tended in a measure to relieve the gloom caused by the death of Lieutenant Roberts. The Irish pride themselves — and with justice — on being a fighting race, and even during the course of one of the many little wars in which this country is constantly engaged the percentage of Irish killed and wounded is always exceptionally high. Although the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Clarence were all in early youth stationed for more or less short periods at the Curragh, something like fifty years have gone by since a Royal personage held any high official position in the country, the last to do so having been the present Duke of Cambridge, who, if I mistake not, received the Queen and Prince Albert on the occasion of their first visit to the Green Isle.

The Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, has been exceedingly fortunate in the wives of the various Commanders-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Forces in Ireland. Lady Wolseley and her daughter became very much beloved there, for they were not only indefatigably kind and good-natured to the old pensioners who form so picturesque an addition to the Royal Hospital, but they took a very keen interest both in the charities and in the gaieties of the city, while Miss Wolseley's wonderful prowess in the hunting-field earned her the enthusiastic approval of simple and gentle Lady Roberts, her two daughters, and her gallant son followed up the Wolseley tradition in each and every particular, and during the last few years there was no pleasanter sight to be seen in Grattan Street than the fine old Commander-in-Chief with a daughter

on each side. The house which will be inhabited by the Duke and Duchess and their children actually forms part of the Royal Hospital, and includes the splendid hall where the principal parties given by the Commander-in-Chief and his wife are always held. The Duchess of Connaught and the Princesses hope to be settled in their new home within the next month.

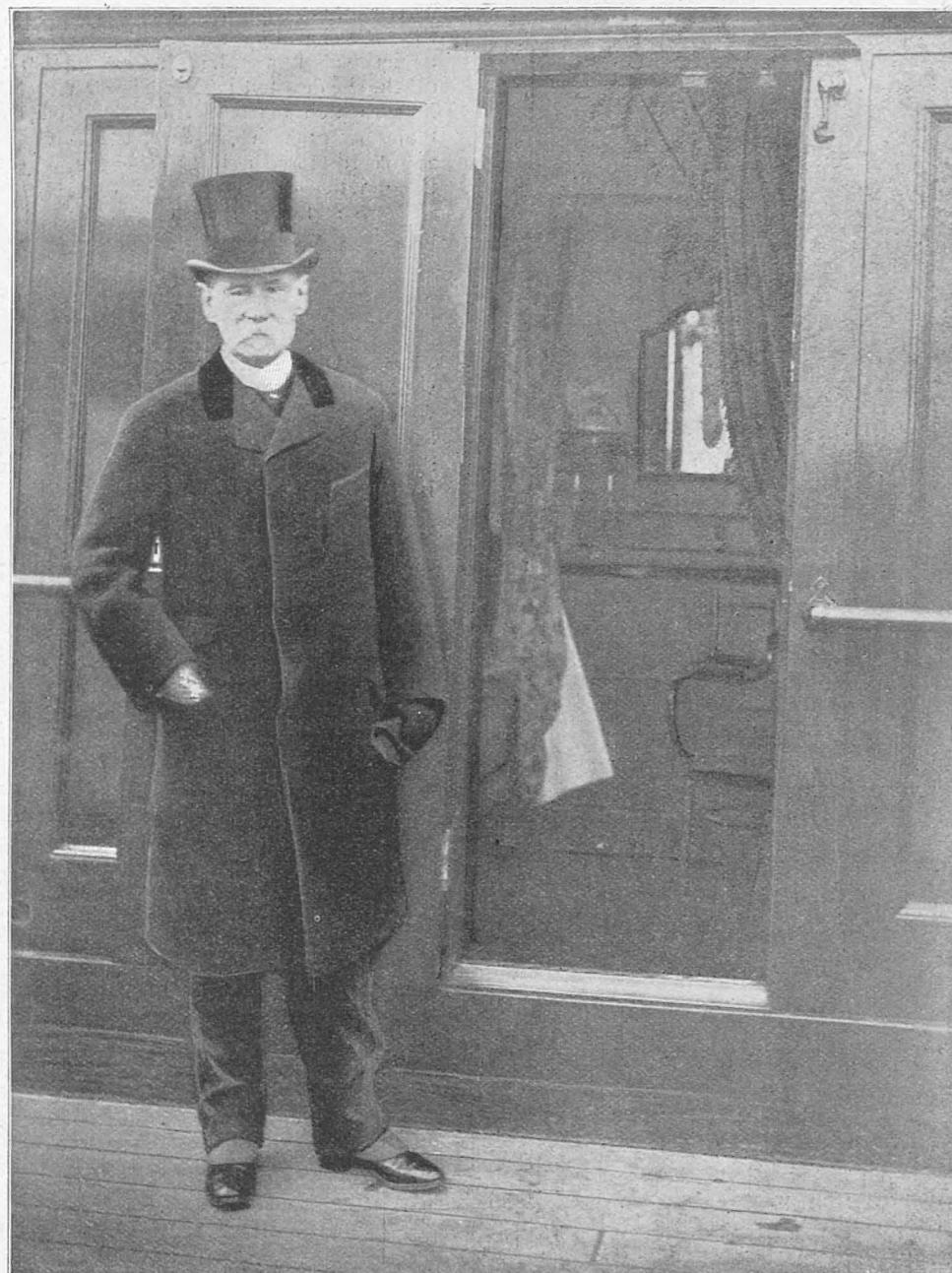
Heralding, as we all hope, successful times for the British Arms in South Africa, Lord Roberts, with Lord Kitchener and Major-General Kelly-Kenny, reached Cape Town in Sir Donald Currie's fine liner, the *Dunottar Castle*, on Wednesday last. I have much pleasure in giving a

photograph of "Bobs" at his cabin-door. Never was greater confidence reposed in a great General by England, and never was fullest trust better deserved than by Lord Roberts. It was just like this kind-hearted, considerate Commander to look after his chargers himself, to pet them, and to feed them with carrots with his own hand. A simple act! Granted, but one which must remind Lord Roberts' admirers of a characteristic proceeding during the famous March to Candahar: his thoughtful ride every day down the whole of his column, to cheer the wounded and footsore, and animate with his high courage the officers who were ready to follow him to the death. A "Brother" of noble rank in the Masonic Craft, Lord Roberts is instinct with the loftiest spirit of fraternity, and inspires affection as well as respect.

Colonel Viscount Downe (whose portrait appears on page 507) was one of the first officers selected by Lord Roberts to accompany him to South Africa. He is both in Service and social circles one of the most popular of men. The fact that he is, through his mother, the grandson of a Bishop has not at all militated against his having been in his time a notable soldier and fighter. He

joined the 2nd Life Guards some thirty-five years ago, and served in the Zulu War, afterwards becoming Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Connaught; more lately he has been associated in the same capacity with the Duke of Cambridge. Lord Downe occupied till about a month ago the pleasant position of commanding the Cavalry Brigade at the Curragh; but he was often in London, and when in town a frequent visitor to Clubland, for he is equally made welcome at the Carlton, the Turf, and the Marlborough.

Lord Downe has had the satisfaction of seeing his eldest son, the Hon. John Dawnay, tread in his footsteps, for the latter is a popular officer in the 10th Royal Hussars, and has been on more than one occasion singled out for commendation by the Prince of Wales; and, as if to prove it is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good, the misfortunes of the 10th Hussars since their arrival at "the front" of course mean promotion to the future Lord Downe. It will be remembered that in their first action the gallant 10th lost not only their senior squadron



LORD ROBERTS ON BOARD THE "DUNOTTAR CASTLE," SHOWING THE GENERAL'S CABIN.
THIS WAS THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF LORD ROBERTS TAKEN BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by the Press Photographic Bureau, Upper Norwood.

officer, Major Harvey, who was killed, but also Major Alexander, Second in Command, who was badly wounded. Lord Downe bears his years gallantly, and, indeed, compared with his present chief, he is, of course, "quite a boy." Lord Roberts has the greatest confidence in his skill and judgment.

Lieutenant Gibson, of the 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons, unlike many of his brother officers, soon had an opportunity of going on active



LIEUTENANT GIBSON, OF THE INNISKILLING DRAGOONS, DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED WHILE FIGHTING AT RENSBURG UNDER GENERAL FRENCH.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

service, for within a few months of his appointment his regiment was ordered to South Africa. In General French's operations near Colesberg, on the 5th inst., the most striking feature was a splendid charge by a squadron of the Inniskillings—their first charge since, under General Scarlett, they defeated the Russian cavalry at Balaklava. The dashing Irish Dragoons, taking the Boers by surprise, cut a way through their ranks, but Lieutenant Gibson was seriously wounded, and three troopers of his squadron sustained minor injuries. However, in the encounter the Boers suffered heavily, and when he recovers—may it be soon!—Lieutenant Gibson may well console himself with the reflection that in one of the first two cavalry charges of the war—in each of which Irish regiments were the heroes—he was privileged to take part.

Captain Ronald James Vernon, who was killed at Mafeking on Dec. 26, was a son of the Hon. G. R. Vernon, of Auchans, formerly M.P. for Ayrshire. Born in 1866, Ronald Vernon entered the Army in 1888, joining the King's Rifles. He served in the Burmese War, was for a time A.D.C. to the late Lieutenant-General Goodenough in South Africa, and received his Captaincy in 1892.

Lieutenant Harold Percival Paton, of the Protectorate Regiment, who also fell in the unsuccessful sortie from Mafeking on Boxing Day, was an old Loretto boy, and had considerable reputation as a football-player and cricketer. He had been in South Africa for some years, joining the Protectorate Regiment when the war commenced. Lieutenant Paton was on several occasions entrusted by Colonel Baden-Powell to carry despatches through the Boer lines—a task for which his dash and athletic training had well qualified him.

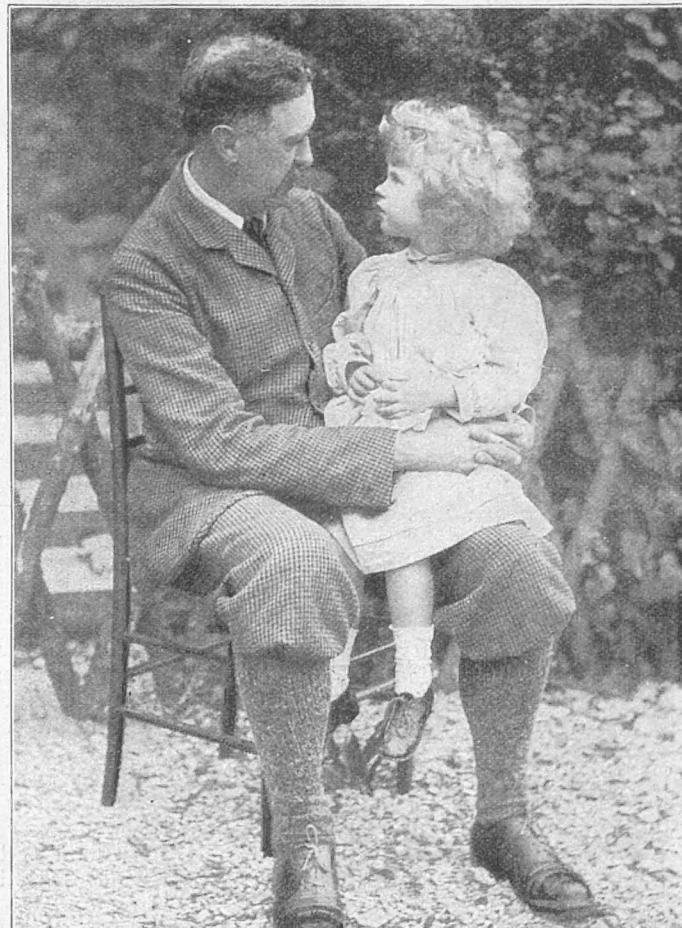
Captain O. M. Leigh, of Belmont Hall, Northwich (whose portrait is reproduced on page 507), is to captain a squadron of Yeomanry in South Africa. He is a member of one of the oldest Cheshire families. For several years past he has captained the "C" Squadron (Arley and Bostock Troops) of the Earl of Chester's Yeomanry Cavalry. He is immensely popular, and thirty-six men have volunteered to accompany him. As a prominent member of the North Cheshire Hunt, Captain Leigh is regarded as probably the finest horseman in the whole of Cheshire. Whenever the Master (the Earl of Euniskillen) is absent, Captain Leigh commands the North Cheshire, and hunts the hounds splendidly.

Lord Strathcona, whose public-spirited offer of raising and forwarding a mounted corps of four hundred men to South Africa is perhaps, so far, the most notable personal contribution offered by any Colonial magnate, is, of course, the most distinguished Canadian statesman now living. During the last few years he has made his home in this country, where he is the tenant of Lord Lytton; but Knebworth has become quite a Colonial centre, and Lord Strathcona has retained an ardent interest in Canada. The fact that he is a man of great wealth has alone made his generous offer possible, for it is said that the expenses involved will come to an almost incredible sum. A few more such Empire-citizens and there would be no talk of raising the income-tax!

The winter of 1899-1900 will certainly linger long in the memory of London Society. Not since the Crimean year have so many sad events followed one another in quick succession, and of these not the least tragic, from every point of view, was the death of the Duke of Manchester's beautiful young sister, who would have been twenty-one this year. Of the group of lovely American women who elected to become English by marriage, none possessed a more engaging and remarkable personality than the charming woman who was for many years known to London Society as Lady Mandeville. After the late Duke of Manchester's death, she devoted herself to her two daughters, and the death of Lady Mary, which occurred in Rome some two years ago, proved a terrible blow, from which neither the mother nor the remaining sister entirely recovered. For a brief space, however, Lady Alice took her share in the gaieties of the brilliant Seasons of 1898 and 1899; then ominous rumours as to her great delicacy became current, and during the last six months it was gradually known that nothing could save her. The sad event places in deep mourning the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Gosford, and Lady Alice Stanley, whose husband is just starting for "the front."

"German Ironclads for South Africa" makes a fine head-line, but works rather thin on inspection. The only ironclad is the old *Deutschland*, which, by the way, carries "Mailypist"—Prince Henry of Prussia. She has very little fighting value. The other two ships, the *Schwalbe* and *Condor*, are merely gunboats for sea-police duties. They say the Kaiser has a special reason in sending such craft abroad.

General Lyttelton is fifty-eight, but he is very active, and likes a game of cricket, at which, like other members of his family, he is an adept. He is a member of the I Zingari; he is also a cyclist, and makes great use of the wheel. He has served in Canada, India, also in the Jowaki Expedition, for which he holds medal and clasp, and in the Egyptian Campaign, 1882 (mentioned in despatches), and was Brigadier-General commanding 2nd Brigade in Egypt in 1898. He now commands the 4th Brigade of the 2nd Infantry Division in Natal.



MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. NEVILLE GERALD LYTTELTON, C.B., AND HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

GENERAL LYTTELTON COMMANDS THE 4TH BRIGADE OF THE 2ND DIVISION IN NATAL.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamsted.

When the casualty-list resulting from General French's fiercely fought engagement at Rensburg, on Jan. 6, was first made public, those in a position to form an opinion on the matter were oppressed with the conviction that it would be promptly supplemented by a heavier one. The melancholy foreboding was soon amply justified, and, as a result, the already bitter tale of sorrow in English homes has now assumed still larger proportions. Thus, on Wednesday last it was officially announced that the number of brave men to be properly included in the grim category of "missing" in the 1st Suffolk Regiment alone amounted to 113, when the earlier estimates had placed this total at the comparatively moderate one of 70. Altogether, it now appears that no less than 161 officers and men of this battalion figured among the casualties occurring on this unfortunate occasion, 27 being killed and 21 wounded.

Foremost among those who fell on the field was Lieut.-Colonel A. J. Watson, the Suffolks' gallant Commanding Officer, who died a soldier's death with his face to the foe, leading his men to the attack. At the moment of his death, he had given seven-and-twenty out of his forty-seven years of life to the service of his Queen. Throughout the whole of this period he had repeatedly come to the front as a brave and able soldier. Thus, in the Bechuanaland Campaign of 1884, as well as in the Hazara Expedition of four years later, he was specially mentioned in despatches from "the front" for distinguished conduct. In the operations of the Chitral Relief Force, too, he was selected out of a large number of candidates for an important Staff appointment. A man of considerable intellectual attainments (he was a Staff College graduate), a born leader of men, and a soldier to whom the word "fear" was utterly unknown, Arthur Watson's death has been felt deeply and widely, both in this country and in South Africa.

Perhaps one of the most striking features of the war is the way the Irish regiments have come to the front. Hitherto, in India and the Soudan it has almost invariably been the Highlanders who have been

belauded—greatly, no doubt, owing to their picturesque costume, though their bravery and dash could not, of course, be excelled. Now, however, Paddy gets his turn, and one day it is the Dubliners, another the

Inniskilling Fusiliers, and next the Connaught Rangers or the Royal Irish Rifles. Then, of the cavalry, the Royal Irish Lancers were prominent in the dashing cavalry charge at Eland's Laagte; and now the famous old Inniskilling Dragoons by their gallantry at Colesberg keep "Ould Ireland" to the front. By the way, it is a little singular that while the two Fifths—the 5th Dragoon Guards and the 5th Lancers—are together at Ladysmith, in General French's Division the two Sixths find a place, a little confusion being thus caused, for the non-military reader can scarcely be expected to discriminate between the 6th Dragoon Guards (the Carabiniers) and the 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons.

The origin of the Inniskillings goes back to the time of William and Mary, when Inniskilling raised both Horse and Foot to support the Protestant cause, and, though at first but a sort of Yeomanry force, in 1689 the Dragoons and Inniskilling Fusiliers became part of the Regular Establishment. At the Battle of the Boyne the Dragoons were led across the river by the King in person. After the Irish Wars, they went to Scotland, and their charge at Sheriffmuir, when the Highlanders had broken the left wing of the Royal Army, changed the fortunes of the day. Since then, at Dettingen and Fontenoy, in Flanders, at Waterloo (as part of the "Union Brigade"), and in Scarlett's "Heavy Brigade" in the Crimea, where at Balaklava they played a prominent part in the charge, the Inniskillings have always been to the fore, and though their list of "honours"—beginning with

"Dettingen" and ending with "Sevastopol"—is not so long as that of some other regiments, it does not truly represent the services of the brave North of Ireland men. It may be noted that the 6th Dragoons need no introduction to their "brother Boers," for both in 1881 and with Sir Charles Warren in Bechuanaland in 1884-5, they had at least a bowing acquaintance, which they seem of late bent on improving.



COLONEL A. J. WATSON, OF THE 1ST SUFFOLK REGIMENT, WHO WAS KILLED AT RENSBURG.



GROUP OF OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 1ST SUFFOLKS, THE REGIMENT THAT FOUGHT AND SUFFERED SO GALLANTLY AT RENSBURG.

Lord Salisbury has shown real patriotism in his action concerning Mr. Schomberg McDonnell, for, as all those who have the privilege of knowing either the Premier's trusty Private Secretary or his distinguished Chief know full well, "Pom" McDonnell is perhaps the most ideal "right-hand man" Prime Minister ever had. The



THE HON. SCHOMBERG McDONNELL (LORD SALISBURY'S CHIEF PRIVATE SECRETARY), WHO IS GOING TO "THE FRONT."

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

youngest brother of the present Lord Antrim, Mr. Schomberg McDonnell is only eight-and-thirty. His official connection with the Cecil family began twelve years ago, and the late Lady Salisbury, who was an extraordinarily shrewd judge of the character and general capability of those whom her husband was called upon at different times to employ, soon made up her mind that in his young secretary Lord Salisbury had found a treasure. Though possessed of most un-Irish reticence, Mr. McDonnell is happily gifted with the suavity and grace of manner which are said to be peculiar to his nation. Volunteering has always been his hobby. He is a first-rate shot and a good horseman, and he was one of the first of the Piccadilly Brigade to realise the joys of cycling.

The Prince of Wales, with that rare tact and kindness which are distinguishing traits of His Royal Highness, has arranged to "lend" Mr. Sidney Greville to Lord Salisbury. Mr. Greville, who is the youngest and only unmarried son of the late Earl of Warwick, is supposed to be a young man with a considerable future before him. He was trained, in the private secretarial sense, by Sir John Gorst, who handed him on to Lord Salisbury, with the happiest results. Since last year Mr. Greville has been Equerry-in-Waiting to the Prince of Wales. The Greville family have always been much liked in the Court world. Captain Fulke Greville was the intimate friend and Equerry of the late Duke of Clarence; Lady Eva Dugdale, Mr. Sidney Greville's only sister, is still constantly with the Duchess of York. All the Grevilles of this generation have proved the possession of a rather unusual talent for organisation and method. The post of Private Secretary has become a far more onerous one since Sir Rowland Hill bestowed on a grateful country the Penny Post. Nowadays all sorts of people write to Royal and political personages, not only on matters directly concerning them, but in reference to every kind of public or semi-public question, often of little or no interest.

Were it not that the war is now absorbing all our thoughts, there is little doubt that the influenza fiend would cause something very like a panic. One of its latest victims, the popular Captain Gerard Leigh, had just become possessor of the late Madame de Falbe's beautiful and historic place, Luton Hoo. Captain Leigh was the nephew of Madame de Falbe's second husband, and he had always been a very special favourite not only with her but also with M. de Falbe. Many people were keenly interested in gathering his opinion of the present state of affairs in

South Africa, for he was a distinguished soldier, having served both in the Egyptian War of 1882 and in the Nile Expedition of 1884-85.

Captain Leigh was in the Reserve, and it was well known by his intimate friends that, in case of a prolongation of the war, he hoped to see once more something of active service. His death, which was caused by one of those terrible after-complications which seem to so constantly follow influenza, has cast a great gloom over the Luton district, for, though he and Mrs. Leigh had not actually moved to Luton Hoo, they had lived for many years in the neighbourhood, and Captain Leigh took a very keen interest in Luton and the local industries. His son, the new owner of Luton Hoo, will not come of age for some years.

Major H. A. Dalbiac, late Royal Horse Artillery, whose services have just been accepted by the War Office to command the first-mobilised squadron of the Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry, is an officer who has had a very distinguished career. He was born in 1850, and became a subaltern in the Royal Artillery in 1870, being transferred to the R.H.A. in 1873. He was made a Captain in 1879, and obtained his Majority in 1887. Major Dalbiac was noted as the most daring steeplechase-rider in India, winning most of the principal regimental cups. He was attached to Lord Roberts' Staff during the celebrated Candahar march, and after the battle which ended the Afghan Campaign was twice mentioned in despatches. After a brief sojourn in England, he was again ordered to "the front," this time under Lord Wolseley, in Egypt, and during the brief "twenty minutes" of Tel-el-Kebir had the misfortune of being shot twice while separated from and in advance of his battery, his horse, also shot, falling on him. Here he lay, the mark of the flying Egyptians, who, as they fled, tried to "pot" him. Reported mortally wounded, he rallied and was invalided home, later on returning to India, where he did good service on the frontier. He resigned his position shortly after, in consequence of being left a large sum of money; but, on his arrival in England, found that a firm of solicitors in Bedford Row, to whose trust the funds had been assigned, had embezzled them, with other capital, and had quitted the country. Since then Major Dalbiac has been a prolific contributor to the weekly Sporting Press, several of the leading papers gladly availing themselves of his technical knowledge and excellent descriptive power. Only a few months ago, as evidence of his juvenility, he entered with zest into the athletic sports of the Royal Horse Artillery at the annual meeting at



MAJOR DALBIAC, WHO WILL COMMAND A SQUADRON OF THE MIDDLESEX IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

Photo by the Army and Navy Auxiliary C. S., Ltd., Westminster.

Woolwich, and carried off the "bugle," a trophy competed for by veterans who in their younger days have won running-prizes in the regiment. The Major is taking out only picked horsemen. He has an eagle eye for the man who knows how to ride, and, as a master of scout tactics, should render excellent service to whatever Command he is attached. He is a personal friend of Generals Gatacre, French, and Methuen.

Major-General E. R. P. Woodgate, in command of the 9th Brigade of the Fifth Division, in South Africa, entered the Army as an Ensign in the 4th (King's Own Royal Lancaster) Regiment in 1865. He took part in the expedition against King Theodore in 1868, when he carried the colours at the storming of Magdala and obtained the medal and clasp. During the Ashanti Campaign of 1873-4 he was detailed for special service, obtained the medal and clasps, and was mentioned in despatches. In the Zulu War of 1878-9 Captain Woodgate served on the Staff, and got the medal and clasps, besides being several times mentioned in despatches, while for his services he was gazetted Brevet-Major, and in the following year was appointed Brigade-Major in Jamaica, a position held till 1885, when he returned to regimental duty in India and elsewhere. In 1893 he was appointed to the command of the 1st Battalion 4th (King's Own Royal Lancaster) Regiment, and held the same to 1897, being created C.B. and full Colonel in that year. In 1897-8 he commanded the Royal Lancaster District, but probably he distinguished himself most particularly when in command at Sierra Leone. With the West African Frontier Regiment (of two battalions), which he raised, he suppressed not only the rebellion under Bey Buri, but he also captured that notorious chieftain. In February 1899 he was invalided home, his services being recognised by the C.M.G. He was next given the command of the Leicestershire District, an appointment which he held from last July until he was in December given the command of the 9th Brigade of the Fifth Division when it was about to start for "the front" in South Africa.



MAJOR-GENERAL WOODGATE, K.C.M.G.

bronze Grenadier of Napoleon's Army sculptured after Raffet, and its great Empire table of mahogany and gold-bronze. Not the least part of this incomparable dwelling is the library. It is in four galleries, surrounding a court, each forty-two yards long, and is in superb



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S FIRST OFFICIAL ACT IN HIS NEW POSITION: BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE OFFICERS OF THE 4TH (MILITIA) BATTALION OF THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

General Sir William Gatacre (an obliging correspondent informs me) has been twice married. The present Lady Gatacre is a daughter of Lord Davey and a sister of Captain the Hon. Horace Davey, who is with his regiment, the 18th Hussars.

sculptured woods, with a forged-iron and gilt-bronze balcony at half-height. Upon a table lie the death-mask of Napoleon I., the skull of Charlotte Corday, and other precious relics. One of the galleries is closed off to serve as the Prince's study.

The War, to use the expression of a leading theatrical manager, is playing "old Harry with the playhouses." Not since the Crimean War has such an abstention from theatre-going been recorded, and most of our managers do not remember that campaign. At the same time, any entertainment arranged for the benefit of the sick and wounded meets with ready response from the public. The fact of the matter is, people cannot go to the play with a light heart when they know not what is happening to their dear ones in South Africa. And yet, given the opportunity, soldiers themselves never fail under adverse circumstances to make themselves merry. Witness the football at Pretoria and the cricket by the blood-stained waters of the Modder. Also the famous Theatre of the Fourth Division in the Crimea, whereat Sir Henry de Bathe, Mr. Clarke Dalby, Major Colville, and other combatants appeared with great success long before at least some of them became "Old Stagers" at Canterbury. Major Dallas painted the scenery, and such pieces as "Box and Cox" and "Slasher and Crash" were the favourite dramas. I should like to read an article by Sir Henry de Bathe on his Thespian experiences before Sevastopol. His anecdotes of the Madrigal Club would be very acceptable.

During the Crimean Campaign, Alexis Soyer effected a marvellous change in the victualling arrangements of the British Army. Judging by the letters received from South Africa, the War Office has quite forgotten the reforms made by Soyer not only in the military hospitals, but also in the field-batteries—*de cuisine*. What has become of the splendid cooking-stoves which he invented and used? Surely a pattern



DONKEY OF THE 26TH BATTERY ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY, SPECIALLY ORDERED TO SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

must be in existence somewhere. Soyer went upon the principle that the doctor and the cook ought to march hand-in-hand with an expeditionary army, and all right-thinking men must agree with him. It makes my blood boil when I read of the wicked waste of provisions, paid for at the highest rates, which obtains with our troops. I do not suppose that any of the so-called "cooks" are trained to make palatable meals for their comrades. Soyer hit the nail on the head when he trained the soldiers themselves to cook simple fare in simple style. Since his day, canned meats have become much more plentiful, but I fancy that some of his straightforward recipes would be bad to beat nowadays. Take these two, for instance, dated May 12, 1856—nearly forty-four years ago—

No. I.

To COOK SALT MEAT FOR FIFTY MEN.

1. Put 50lb. of meat in the boiler.
2. Fill with water, and let it soak all night.
3. Next morning wash the meat well.
4. Fill with fresh water and boil gently for three hours.

P.S.—Skim off the fat, which, when cold, is an excellent substitute for butter.

No. II.

SOYER'S ARMY SOUP FOR FIFTY MEN.

1. Put in the boiler 30 quarts, $7\frac{1}{2}$ gallons, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ camp-kettles of water
2. Add to it 50lb. of meat, either beef or mutton.
3. Also the rations of preserved or pressed vegetables.
4. Ten small tablespoonfuls of salt.
5. Simmer three hours, and serve.

P.S.—When rice is issued, put it in when boiling; 3lb. will be sufficient. About 8lb. of fresh vegetables or 4 squares of preserved, and a tablespoonful of pepper, if handy. Skim off the fat.

I give these recipes for two reasons: first, because I know that many copies of *The Sketch* are sent every week to South Africa, and, therefore, the hints which I have given are likely to be taken, and, secondly, because the regeneration of the Commissariat in the Crimea was largely



VOLUNTEERS AT ALDERSHOT: ARTISTS CORPS LOOKING FOR THE FOE.

due to the support given to Mr. Soyer by *The Illustrated London News* in conjunction with the *Times*.

A very terrible story reaches me from the Seat of War. For obvious reasons, I cannot mention names, but I can facts. Some ten years ago, an officer was cashiered under circumstances of which no details need be given, save that the sentence was absolutely deserved. The officer, after judgment had been passed, disappeared. He had, so his family believed, taken service in the Turkish-Army. Anyway, he was lost to English Society. Meantime, his eldest nephew had grown up and entered the Army. I do not give the name of his regiment or that of the engagement where the event occurred, but it is none the less true that he shot his uncle dead with a revolver in a battle which was fought shortly before Christmas Day. And the uncle was leading on the Boers. "I would do it again," writes the nephew, "for he was a traitor all round." Yet there is wailing, nevertheless, in more than one household of high standing.

I wonder how many educated persons, not in Great Britain, but in the entire world, are aware that we not only acquired our foothold in South Africa by right of victory, but also by right of purchase. Not one in fifty, I dare say; and yet some ninety years ago we handed over £6,000,000 in hard cash to Holland for the Cape Settlements and Guiana. Not a bad little sum, considering that we need not have paid a halfpenny. As to the millions which we have laid out not only in protecting Cape Colony and Natal, but also the Transvaal, from Kaffir and Zulu invasions, that is another matter. By the way, when Mr. Channing, M.P., and other enthusiasts of like kidney, prate about



THE INNS OF COURT VOLUNTEERS ("DEVIL'S OWN") IN AMBUSH ON THE FOX HILLS, ALDERSHOT.

the Boers fighting for "the independence of their native land," have they quite forgotten how the followers of "Oom Paul" acquired their territory from the natives? If so, I would refer them to history which is not quite ancient.

The Lyric Stage Academy, founded three years ago by Dr. Osmond Carr and a few friends to give a complete education for the lyric stage, has ceased to exist as a corporate body, and its premises at 46, Chandos Street, have passed into the hands of the newly founded Musical Directors' Association, on the expiration of the tenancy; but the Academy as a teaching institution is only beginning a new career. Mr. W. A. Barratt, the composer of "Lancelot and Elaine," and, in the lighter vein, of "The Tree Dumas-Skiteers," has directed the studies of the Lyric Stage Academy during several terms; and the Lyric and Dramatic Academy, which will open on Jan. 22, at 77, New Oxford Street, under his management, will retain the chief teachers of the former Academy. Madame Cavallazzi-Mapleson will give instruction in that stage-department on which she is acknowledged to be the greatest authority; Mr. Ernest D'Auban will continue to impart his hereditary skill in dancing by example and precept; and Mr. P. J. Kirwan will teach elocution with the thoroughness recognised by the London School Board. Mr. D'Oyly Carte and Mr. George Edwardes have promised the new Academy their patronage and benevolent interest, and Mr. Adrian Ross hopes to write an operetta for the pupils to perform. There will be a public performance of two operettas during the present term, and later on, probably, performances of a full-sized comic opera at St. George's Hall or a West-End theatre.

The Sketch is of opinion that it was one of the happiest of Mr. F. C. Burnand's "Happy Thoughts" to start the new and amplified series of *Punch* with a bright storiette by a popular novelist in each Issue. For

it was with a succession of the most humorous and diverting short stories that the genial editor of *Punch* himself made his first "hit" in the "London Charivari." Dr. Conan Doyle's petit romance of the Sirdar's Soudanese disguise at once became a favourite with *Punch* readers, who can now depend each week upon an exciting novellette to wile away half-an-hour with, in addition to piquant verse and quip, Tenniel or Linley Sambourne cartoon, and Phil May character-sketch. A necessity of existence at all times, *Punch* is more indispensable than ever in these depressing influenza times. Keep up the system with *Punch*, boys!

Miss Linda Hereford, the graceful young actress whose portrait appears on page 501, is the niece of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, and is at present engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre in Mr. Tree's fine production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." After playing in "With Flying Colours," on tour, she was engaged to understudy Lucy in "Jane," at Terry's Theatre. By a stroke of good luck (for the understudy), the principal, Miss Beryl Faber, was out of the bill on the first night of the revival. Miss Hereford made the best use of her opportunity, and will doubtless acquit herself well under her uncle's management.

The lucky *Sketch* man who had the good-fortune to attend Mr. Musgrave's brilliant farewell supper to "The Belle of New York" Company enjoyed himself so much that he made a slight mistake in the name of the hotel. The supper and dance took place not at the Cecil, but at the dear old Savoy Hotel, where charming Edna May had been staying for many months.

Dr. Joachim, the King of Classical Violinists, is not likely to be seen in London this winter. This great artist, who was born in 1831, near Pressburg, in Hungary, has not been in good health of late, and is fearful of our climate. Dr. Joachim played in London when a boy, the rules of the Philharmonic Society being set aside owing to his extraordinary talent.

I regret also that the famous "Monday Pops," which for forty years attracted all the cultivated amateurs of London, have ceased to exercise their old charm. The "Monday Pops" dwindled until they ceased to be profitable, but the Saturday afternoon concerts drew fair audiences last season. Still, when resumed on Saturday last, I noticed a great falling off in the attendance. I suppose music is like other things in this fickle world—"The old order changeth, giving place to new." One thing may be remarked of these concerts: the Teutonic element was a little overdone, and English musicians seldom got a hearing.



MR. F. C. BURNAND.

"*The Sketch*" cordially joins Mr. Burnand in the national toast of "Success to the New Series of '*Punch*!'"

Signor Lago, who promised us a season of operas in January, has been unable to carry out the scheme. I am sorry, for the impresario is a gentleman of great taste, and would have given opera-goers something out of the beaten track.

Happily, the Carl Rosa Company seems likely to revive again. It has been taken over by a new management, and, instead of attempting the difficult and frequently unprofitable task of producing Wagnerian operas in English, works which formerly enjoyed popularity are to be revived. The first of these, Balfe's "Satanella," was revived a few days since at Bradford, with most encouraging results. It is a pretty and melodious opera. If the company will once more adopt the late Carl Rosa's excellent plans, I believe success will follow.

The delightful performance of "She Stoops to Conquer," at the Haymarket, imparts special interest to an apropos and readable brochure from the pen of that experienced dramatic chronicler, Mr. Austin Brereton. It is, in effect, a "Short History of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' 'The Rivals,' and 'The School for Scandal,'" well illustrated. I am courteously permitted to copy the portrait and autograph of Oliver Goldsmith, whose amusing English Comedy, as interpreted by Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude, seems more popular than ever. Perusal of Mr. Brereton's timely historiette (printed by the Warren Press, 20, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.) will prime playgoers for the series of Old English Comedies opened so superbly at the Haymarket with "She Stoops to Conquer."

I give herewith a portrait of Lance-Corporal Bennett, a Grenadier Guardsman, recently transferred to Lord Methuen's mounted infantry, who has been specially mentioned in letters from Modder River as being one of the trio who performed a splendid feat of heroism. Lance-Corporal Bennett is a Northwich man, and the son of the Surveyor of the Northwich Rural Council. It seems that, while the Yorkshires were bringing in their wounded, they were fiercely attacked by the Boers. Sergeant Cassen, Lance-Corporal Bennett, and Private Mawhood knelt down continually in the open, and, with utter disregard for their own lives, did all they could by firing continuously and steadily. The American journalist, Mr. Julian Ralph, declares that it was thesemen's bravery which made it possible for the Yorkshires to complete their humane work.

The Naundorff claims are again being discussed in France, and it would seem that the Republic needs as many lives as the legendary cat to come to the end of its enemies. No sooner is André Buffet banished, who wished to set up the Duke of Orleans, and Paul Déroulède banished, who wished to overturn the Parliament, than there springs up this third heresy. The Naundorffs, as everybody knows, claim to be descended from Louis XVII., the little son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette who was left in the Temple when his parents went to the scaffold. Official history says that the little Louis died in the Temple, but the Naundorff partisans assert that he was

removed from prison and another child substituted in his place, and there is a quantity of evidence to sustain this thesis. The first Naundorff, a clockmaker, asserted his identity with Louis XVII. under the Restoration, and was recognised and acknowledged by several surviving members of Louis the Sixteenth's Court. The descendants of this family still claim to be the legitimate heirs to the throne of France. The present inheritor of the name is a wine-merchant in the department of Hérault.



LANCE-CORPORAL BENNETT.
A Grenadier Guardsman who Distinguished Himself at Modder River.

A FAMOUS YOUNG PORTRAIT-PAINTER AND HIS WORK

Wilhelm Heinrich Funk, the young painter, some of whose recent English portraits are now on view in Mr. McLean's Gallery, was born in Hanover in 1866. His parents were of Dutch descent, his father being an officer in the Hanoverian Army. From early childhood young Funk showed an aptitude for drawing, by which the walls of the rooms as well as the household table-cloths and napkins suffered! But



HERR WILHELM HEINRICH FUNK,
Whose Exhibition of Portraits is on Private View at Thomas McLean's Galleries, Haymarket.

it was the parental desire that their son should follow a business career, and, in order to turn his mind from artistic pursuits, he was apprenticed, first to a grocer, when driving a cart on its daily rounds and sweeping out the shop were among his duties, and later to a butcher, who employed him chiefly as caretaker of his pigs. Space will not permit of a detailed account of the artist's career, but a visit to his exhibition in

ready wit of the American, and with the numerous eminent social and professional men and women of the day whom he has the privilege to



LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.
From the Painting by Wilhelm Heinrich Funk.

count among his friends he is a general favourite, which is not surprising. When to versatility is added a perfect technique and that conscientious



LADY MURIEL PAGET.
From the Painting by Wilhelm Heinrich Funk.

the Haymarket will amply demonstrate the careful training and honest work that stands to his credit.

Personally, Herr Funk is of a frank and modest nature. With the stolid qualities of the Saxon he has assimilated the quick perception and



LADY ELCHO.
From the Painting by Wilhelm Heinrich Funk.

pride in his art which never allows a portrait to leave the studio that fails to satisfy either his sitter or himself, it is easy to understand why Herr Funk has so rapidly come to the front in two continents as one of the favourite portrait-painters of the day.



(?)

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

BY ADRIAN ROSS.

It is strange that the civilised world is divided on the question of what century it is living in. One would suppose that in chronology, at least, some accuracy should be obtainable. But everything about one year is so arbitrary and illogical that it would seem not unnatural that ninety-nine years should be reckoned as a century. Particularly is this view permissible in the case of so hopelessly inaccurate a system as the "Christian" Era—a heathen temple with a new number painted on it. The date from which A.D. professes to start is admittedly out; and though, no doubt, the people who lived in the first year of that reckoning ought to have dated in the year 1 and not the year 0, it is as certain as anything can be that they did neither the one nor the other. So, to assume that the year 1900 begins the Twentieth Century is merely to import one more arbitrary dictum into a chronology which is already as arbitrary as Transvaal "law."

It is all the fault of the sun, of course, and of the moon. These luminaries display a distressing lack of that love of "a neat solution" that distinguishes the true mathematician. Our months are a weak attempt to conciliate moon and sun, and fail obviously. Then our system of weeks complicates the confusion. Our names and lengths of months are a dismal jumble. Why should we commemorate Janus, the two-faced god of war and peace? As for February, I believe scholars are not yet agreed as to what its derivation may be. March is blusterous enough for the war-god's month, but what do April, May, and June mean to us? July and August mean little to Anglo-Saxons, whose forefathers had no dealings with the first two Cæsars; while September, October, November, and December merely remind us that the year used to begin in March, and does not now.

Then, again, the year does not begin at any astronomical point of note. Solstices and equinoxes come two-thirds through months. There is no reason for the First of January beginning anything. Yet the Positivists, I believe, in their revised Calendar start on that date as the First of Moses. It is a truly Positivist idea to plaster the year over with the names of great men. But, suppose a new treble extra patent superfine double-milled great man were to spring up, how could you change your Calendar? And supposing that half the Positivists believed in his greatness and the other half did not—what would happen? Should we have to bracket the months as we do the Old and New Style in Russia, and date on the 25th Kitchener/Kruger?

The French Revolutionary Calendar was a pitiful attempt to "fudge" the answer to an insoluble sum. Not otherwise does the aspiring but uninformed schoolboy, arriving at something like the desired answer by an entirely wrong method, state that "it is obvious that the other terms cancel out," which they do not in the least. So the labours of the Revolutionists remain only to vex the souls of students of the history of the time, who have to be always referring to books to know whether Brumaire and Macaire came together.

Compared with the excesses of the apostles of liberty, the decision of the German Emperor to start the new century at once is venial—nay, trivial. And I am convinced that that Sovereign has a deep and, on the whole, a beneficent design in his (apparently) arbitrary and meaningless acts. For instance, what *could* have been more artful than his recent telegram that the events of the last few days—to wit, the perfectly legal and regular stopping of German steamers on suspicion of carrying contraband of war—make it necessary for Germany to have a strong Navy, which would not interfere in such a case any more than the far stronger British Navy interfered in far more doubtful cases during the American Civil War. He at once enlists all the Anglophobia of the Germans in support of a strong Navy, which is more likely to fight by the side of ours than against it; and at the same time he delicately indicates that he is not in earnest by directing his missive to the King of Würtemberg, whose interest in a German Navy must be Platonic to the last degree. To be sure, there is no German potentate of any importance on the German sea-coast other than the King of Prussia—Bismarck took care of that. Still, unless the Kaiser had addressed his wire to Prince Henry the Something-or-Other of Reuss-What's-its-name (which would have been *too* thin), he could not have indicated more clearly that he meant nothing unfriendly to us.

So, too, with the new century. It pleases Germans to think that they are a whole year in advance of the rest of the world. And possibly the Kaiser has wished to cut short the idea about "*fin-de-siècle*" and the decadent century and civilisation. In effect, he says to the other nations, as we trust our Generals are about to say to the Boers, "Wanting to end off, are you? *We* are just going to begin now." And that is the right spirit for a Sovereign or a nation to have.

There is much to be said in favour of having a new century this year; it may hearten us up to make a big effort in many ways, public and private. And, then, it has one great advantage, that if we do not succeed according to expectations, we can tear out the leaf of this year from the century, and paste it in at the end of last century, saying, "Well, you could not expect much of the last year of that century, could you? Now *this* year we are going to do great things to open the Twentieth Century worthily—in 1901!"

AT CHAMPIÉRY: A VIGNETTE.

Lo, on the wayside mountain-path,
The little flower, the little flower!
A dainty scent her sweetness hath;
She makes the crammed wall her bower.

Oh, little flower! thy cranny is
An all-sufficient world for thee
Contented with thy destinies,
Put not thy beauty forth to me.

At Champéry, at Champéry,
A châlet on a mountain-path
Shelters a maid who sang to me;
Most dainty gifts the maiden hath.
Dark hair, red-bound; a face of cream,
Soft with the innocence of morn;
Bright eyes that flash, and gaze, and dream,
As wondering wherefore she was born.

Red lips, red, red, as scarlet as
The brilliant kerchief of her head;
And their vermilion pouts, alas!
Because such sweetness must be fed.

Oh, little Swiss! thy lifted eye,
Thine artless smile, thy downcast face,
Almost compel my destiny,
Almost remove thee from thy place.

The snow-white peaks, the rippling rill,
The bright cascade, the gorge, the grot,
The sunshine flashing on the hill—
All these delights content thee not.

Thy mountains thrill with gaiety.
Why sighest thou for more than this?
Dost think, fond child, with these can vie
The glittering Metropolis?

The wrinkled Seine hath wicked nets,
The turgid Thames is foul with slime;
Illusion o'er thy Reason gets:
Thy Rhone is pure—the Rhone sublime.

The plaintive song-bird sadly calls,
The torrent 'neath thy châlet roars;
The tossing river frets and falls,
The weeping cataract implores.

Are not home voices dear to thee—
The grasshopper, the insect choir,
The harmonies of Champéry,
Whose birds, whose rivers never tire?

At Champéry, at Champéry,
A little flower with perfumed breath
Stretched out her modesty to me,
All innocent of Life—or Death.

Come, little Swiss—a parable!
Look on this flower, and list to me;
And what unto the flower I tell,
I speak it also unto thee.

Oh, simple flower! the morning dews
Have filled thy holy chalice up;
An early bloom with silvern hues
Covers the colours of thy cup.

Thy petals are not open yet;
Half-shut, half-open, they are this—
Moist lips with dews of morning wet,
Half-parted, like a forming kiss.

Thy maiden heart no bee hath found,
Thy pollen is not dusted yet;
Thy secret honey still is sound,
Nor are thy stamens fully set.

Stay in thy cranny, virgin flower!
Allure me not to gather thee;
Stay in the sunshine and the shower;
Thou art too sweet, too pure for me.

If I should pluck thee, pretty thing,
My barren heart could not supply
Nurture for thy full blossoming—
Soon wouldest thou droop and fade and die.

Rest in the cranny, flourish there,
Expand and yield thy fragrances;
Give to the circumambient air
The perfume which thy presence is.
Give to the butterfly thy scent,
Give chirping grasshoppers their due;
Keep for the winds thy ravishment.
Good-bye, sweetheart; sweet flower, adieu!

T. MULLETT ELLIS.



MISS FLORENCE COLLINGBOURNE, WHO PLAYS MISS MARIE TEMPEST'S PART IN "SAN TOY," AT DALY'S (AND WEARS THE MUCH-DISCUSSED COSTUME).

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



ORIGINAL SKETCH OF COSTUME DESIGNED FOR MISS MARIE TEMPEST IN "SAN TOY," BUT THE LADY DECLINED TO WEAR THE DRESS. HENCE THESE TEARS!



MISS MAY MARTON, "PRINCIPAL GIRL" IN A BRISTOL PANTOMIME.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS LINDA HEREFORD (NIECE OF MRS. BEERBOHM TREE), PLAYING IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

Photo by Speaight, Regent Street, W.

ARTISTS AT HOME: CECIL ALDIN, R.B.A

It is not by any means outside the bounds of possibility that a libel action may arise from this opening sentence; nevertheless—and in view of the fact that, if one be brought, the proprietors of *The Sketch*, and *not*



CECIL ALDIN AND HIS DOGS.

myself, will have to find whatever damages may be awarded in the event of legal proceedings being taken—I at once make bold to assert, definitely, and without the least inclination to mince matters, that Mr. Cecil Aldin has "Gone to the Dogs."

Yet, when we consider the result of his voluntary excursion thither, it becomes necessary for us to revise, or at least, to modify, the opinions we have for long entertained regarding the results consequent upon arrival at that canine destination. Let us distinguish. May we not take it that those members of the community to whom the old saying really applies in its proverbial sense have practically lost such higher qualities of their nature as they may originally have been endowed with, sinking, shall we say, the spiritual in the animal, and, honestly speaking, becoming undesirable companions even for the very "dogs" with which their name is, by common consent, associated?

That is my interpretation of the phrase as it is generally employed, and let me say at once that it is the very last that should be put upon the words comprising it as they appear in my opening sentence, applied to one of the most gifted of our living artists. He has reversed the order of things, recognising that in the canine species there may be finer instincts than those with which they are generally credited. Instead of sinking the man in the beast, he would show us that the latter is possibly gifted with qualities the possession of which entitles them to occupy a worthier place in our estimation than we are able to accord to many a miserable specimen of degraded humanity.

With it all, Mr. Aldin is essentially a humorist, and yet his long and loving study of this one particular family in the animal world—in the representation of which he has few, if any, rivals—has led him to devote his most serious attention to one phase of its treatment by a "higher order of things," in which treatment there is no humour at all—not a glimmer; nothing but sickening disgust. One may wander round

red-hot needles passed through its brain, or undergoing some other form of fiendish torture for the supposed benefit of humanity.

It is far from being my intention to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of the vivisection question, but to speak of this artist without referring to his work in the crusade against that method of scientific research would be to do him an injustice. His great love of dogs renders him a militant



CECIL ALDIN'S STUDIO.

anti-vivisectionist on the one hand, and, on the other, it is to that very same sentiment—or should I not rather call it "passion"?—that we must attribute his rare faculty of portraying them with a fidelity upon which there is no need for me to expatiate.

The house and studio in Priory Road, Bedford Park—originally, I believe, built for Mr. Yates Carrington—possess so many charms that to do them any manner of justice in a brief chat of this kind is not to be attempted. Fortunately for me, any necessity for dealing with the owner's work is obviated by the fact that it is perfectly familiar to all who are likely to read these notes, while the photographs of his home that I have been privileged to secure may take the place of mere letterpress, which would take long to read and prove inadequate at the best.

In one glimpse we have Mr. Aldin with two of his dogs, one of which—the bulldog, Billy—despite his fierce expression and bearing, may fairly be described as a low-comedian of the first water; in fact, a canine Grimaldi. Valuing the friendship of the central figure in this interesting group as I do, it may be well for me to explain that there is in reality nothing abnormal in the dimensions of his pedal extremities; their amplification is due to the perversity of a lens not properly understood by the amateur photographer—let me confess it—myself.

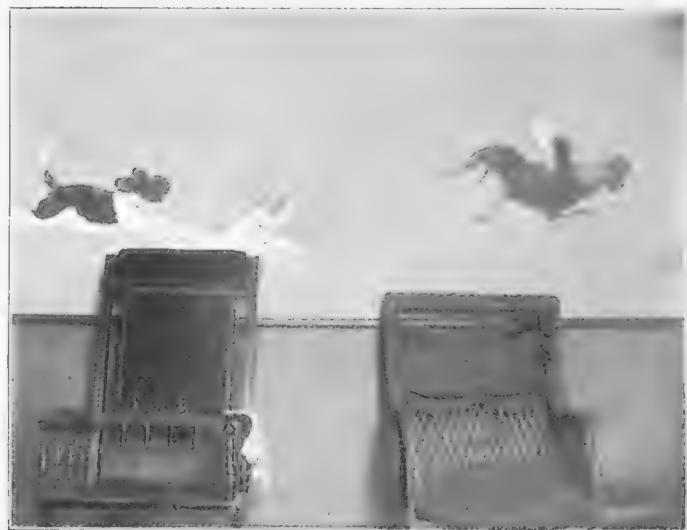
Turning from this picture of the artist with his dog companions, we have a snapshot of him at work on a company of his own dog creations, and really they appear to live almost as veritably as do the genuine articles. By the side of the easel is one of the cleverest posters that have been seen on the hoardings for many a long day, and it is interesting to note in passing that the chair shown is almost identical with one in which good old Josiah Wedgwood, the famous potter, was wont to seek repose.

A third photograph gives a better idea of the studio, showing two seventeenth-century side-tables of the Stuart or Jacobean period—pieces



CECIL ALDIN AND MORE DOGS.

his studio, chuckling at his quaint conceits, with their irresistible humour, and suddenly come upon a study which repels—yes, actually makes one's breath come and go in quick, short gasps by its vivid picturing of some poor, wretched animal being injected with boiling water, having



CECIL ALDIN'S DECORATION OF THE NURSERY-WALL.

to be coveted by collectors; and a fourth view is from one of the nursery-walls, on which Mr. Aldin seems to indicate that he believes that art, like charity, should begin at home. The other walls of this room are similarly embellished, and I think that there is something

exceptionally charming in the idea of the children being able to turn from their games to the admiration and intense enjoyment of these masterly impressions "painted by Papa." Let us hope that, if this nursery ever passes into the hands of strangers, the walls will not be covered by paper at so much "per piece."

I am not at all afraid that the emphasis I have laid upon Mr. Aldin's genius as a painter of dogs will be interpreted as implying that he can do nothing else, for his powers in other directions are all too well known for any such mistaken impression to be formed. The publishing season this winter has seen the publication of a children's picture-book, illuminated by his clever interpretation of a nursery-rhyme—together with another by an artist whom we shall see "At Home" soon—such as must make the favoured youngsters who get a copy beg to "stay up just a little while longer to have one more look."

In a chat of this kind, I have no great liking for the introduction of personalities, and I shall not, therefore, go into details as to Mr. Aldin's appearance, his gait, the cut of his clothes, nor any other matter of a similar nature. Suffice it to say that he is brimming over with good-humoured fun, and is the "life and soul" of any convivial party that may be so favoured as to number him in its midst. At the London Sketch Club—at one of the meetings of which, by-the-bye, the picture, "On the Trail," illustrated herewith, was painted—he is looked for by his "brother brushes," and the depth of their affection for him may easily be gauged by the regretful tone in which, on the rare occasions of his absence, one after another inquires, "Where's Aldin to-night?"

THE MODERN ST. PAUL.

"New lamps for old!" New bodies for old!—bodies in which the light of the lamp of life is burning low. Who would not trim the wick? Who would not fan the flame? I, for one, love a good light, so I took my way to the home of the Magician in prosaic Baker Street. As I walked, I wondered what was the form of initiation, what the cabalistic sign, what the "Open sesame" I was going to use.

"Ring the bell, and walk straight up!" I resigned my Abracadabra to the limbo of Bagdad, opened the door, and went in.

The hall was full of people. The room to the right was full of people. The room in front was full of people. Men and women—rich and poor, old and young. Lamps galore—flickering, guttering, wanining; lamps waiting patiently for the Magician's basket to open to be exchanged for new—new wick, new oil, new light. Oh, it's good to be a lamp when the Magician's door is opened and your turn has come at last to go in!

Magician? No, a man. A slight, short man in a shiny alpaca coat. He takes your hand, he looks into your eyes, he offers you a chair. The man has vanished. Instead, you see a face. Long white beard, long white hair, a pair of eyes that search you through and through—a

haunting suggestion of a lion's head. You don't look at the head; you look only at the face with the complexion of a girl of seventeen. You don't look at the face; you look only at the eyes, bright as the eyes of a child of seven.

A few words. No questions. The eyes dilate, the face becomes rapt, the hands are extended in a circle—now round, now up, now down, now pointing at you, now withdrawn. Another moment, and they fall



DR. PAUL EDWARDS, THE "MODERN ST. PAUL."

Photo by Histed.

on you. Another moment still, like fluttering wings they are gone and circling round you again. A voice of command that bids you go in peace. The Magician's work is done. You take up your lamp, burning, shining, renewed, and you go.

Is it not simple? But, for all that, none the less true. There is no hypnotism, no mesmerism, no magnetism, no suggesting, no prescription; best of all, no putting to sleep.

Dr. Paul Edwards—"St. Paul," as his patients love to call him—believes in none of these things, no "isms" which may injure the individual, but the influence of mind which must benefit all.

Although he has studied medicine, "St. Paul" has given up the use of drugs, cut himself free from all the tenets and dogmas of the profession for many years. The way he came to do so is as simple as what he now does.

Travelling in Australia with a consumptive friend, the sufferer one night besought him to devise some method of easing his cough. "Don't cough," said Dr. Edwards. To his own surprise, no less than to his friend's, the sufferer ceased to cough. Between that beginning and what he is to-day lies as great a difference as between a student entering a hospital for the first time and a consulting physician with an enormous practice sitting in Cavendish Square.

But what is the practice of "St. Paul," who does *not* sit in Cavendish Square? Only two hundred and fifty people, on an average, every day. And his fee? What you choose—according to your means, if you are rich; nothing, if you are poor.

And his cures? Ask those who have been cured. Ask the halt and the lame, the rheumatic and infirm. Ask those who suffer from functional disorders of heart and liver and stomach. Ask Loïe Fuller, the Queen of serpentine flame. Ask Calvé, the singer of emotional song. Ask, as I did to-day, the youth who for five weary weeks had rubbed liniment from the hospital into his lame leg in vain, and yet, after visiting "St. Paul," walked home rejoicing over Brixton Hill. Ask, as I did to-day, the man whose sleep had been stolen from him for eight long years, and who, after one visit, had a good night's rest. See, as I did to-day, a woman smiling down at her crippled hands, which had suddenly lost their pain.

Impossible? Impossible, surely, for human eyes to pierce through the wood and see what is hidden in the box.

Impossible, surely, for a man to sit in London and touch a key unconnected with a wire, and yet his comrade ten, twenty, thirty, yes, fifty miles away, can write before your eyes his message that has travelled through the air.

All impossible things, and yet scientific facts.

The impossibilities of yesterday are the commonplaces of to-day. Is it quite impossible that the "impossibilities" of to-day may be the commonplaces of to-morrow?

"New lamps for old! New lamps for old!"

The modern "St. Paul" says he is no Magician, only a man who works by wit and not by witchcraft—but, in the name of Bagdad, there is magic in the air!



"ON THE TRAIL."—CECIL ALDIN.



MISS SEALE.

MISS MADGE ROSELL.

FROM "SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN," THE NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE DUDLEY STUDIO, REGENT STREET, W.

HOW A CHARMING DANE TOOK THE EMPIRE CAPTIVE.

We hear a great deal in England from time to time about schemes concerning municipal or national teaching-schools for drama and music, but nobody ever seems to trouble his head about dancing, which, of all the arts pertaining to the theatre, is the one in which teaching is the most essential and effective. Now and then a singer has a natural form of voice-production which enables one to assert that art has been but of little necessity. Once and again a player appears with so keen an instinct for the stage that he or she commands success with little preliminary study. It is very different with dancing. The dancer is made as well as born, yet, though several foreign countries have thorough schools for teaching the art of dancing, fostered by the State or municipalities, we leave this matter to private enterprise, and consequently—though occasionally in a century we produce dancers of quality—as a rule, we have to rely upon foreigners. After watching first the delightful skirt-dance of Mdlle. Genée in "Round the Town Again," and afterwards her more startling and wonderful dancing in orthodox ballet-dress, I thought it would be worth while to ask her how she came to possess such great technical skill, to say nothing of natural grace. I found her in the Dancing Academy of M. Alexandre Genée, in Lisle Street, Leicester Square, and after a minute or so the secret was out.

"I have just been practising," said the pretty Danish girl. "I always do two hours a day at least. You remember the story of the violinist who, if he missed his practice one day, noticed the difference in his playing; if he missed it two days, found that the critics had observed the difference; and if he missed three, that the public had discovered his shortcomings. Yes, it is like that. Of course, there must be a natural gift, but it is quite useless unless you are prepared to work hard and conscientiously. It is because dancing is so exacting that one rarely sees a dancer who ought not to be called a mere amateur. Here, you see, I come daily and work, in order to keep all my muscles supple and all in harmony with one another, so that when I am dancing every bit of me, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, is dancing."

"Yes," I observed mournfully, "I have seen dancers with big names, who won applause too, though, when they danced with their legs, they seemed to be sparring with their arms, who bore their bodies as if in strait-waistcoats, whilst their faces had the expression of a stockbroker during a panic."

After this I induced the charming girl to tell me something of her career, and it may be put into few words. At the age of eight she began to take lessons from her uncle, himself a famous dancer and at one time a theatrical manager in Denmark and Germany. She, though her name is French, is a pure Dane. After working hard year after year, and getting every muscle well-trained and in perfect condition, she appeared at the age of sixteen with great success as *prima ballerina* at Copenhagen. Following this, she fulfilled brilliant and successful engagements at the Royal Opera at Berlin, in Munich, at Vienna, and other Continental cities. Two years ago, while still in her teens, she came to London and was engaged at the Empire, where she is to stay about another year ere going to St. Petersburg.

She would like fuller scope than in the present successful ballet, for the skirt-dance, which is quite delightful, almost offends her by its simplicity and needless difficulty. The difficulty is a curious difficulty. The skirts are too long, from the lady's point of view, and the heels too high. "You can't," she observed, "do toe-dancing with high

heels"—the truth of this seems certain. What, then, about the long skirts which, according to Mdlle. Genée, embarrassed her at first? The regrettable fact is that the dress of the *prima ballerina* tends to grow shorter. Since the time of Taglioni some inches of skirt and fluffy petticoats have gone. Why? Who desires this change? The dancer is responsible. Technique improves, and the technically skilled do not like to hide their lights—or, to be accurate anatomically, their legs—under a bushel of muslin or so; as years go by, their costumes come more and more to justify the phrase of "a pair of braces and a sunshade." You may argue till you are black in the face—at least, that is the phrase, though I doubt whether it has ever been literally true—but you cannot convince the really trained dancer that her lines are more graceful when her skirt is comparatively long and lies close than when it suggests a bird-cage.

I asked a question on a subject of much discussion—

"Do you think that the dancers of to-day are equal in merit to the famous Taglioni, Elssler, Cerito, Lucille Grahn, Carlotta Grisi, and *tutti quanti* of the famous fashionable era of Italian opera-ballet?"

"Why not?" she answered. "We have schools of the same kind as they, and work harder and can do more difficult steps—we can do three pirouettes to their one. I can do an *entrechat* of six crossings—indeed, in one dance I do sixteen *entrechats* of six crossings each."

Now, an *entrechat* is a "twiddling" of the legs when the dancer jumps—they cross one another in front and behind—and the illustrious Camargo, of whom it was written:

Cette admirable gigotuse Grande croqueuse d'*entrechats*,

did but four crossings.

To sum up Mdlle. Genée's views, which seem to me well founded, I may say that the technique of the real modern *prime donne* is higher than that of the time of the original *pas de quatre*, and it is impossible to believe that the earlier dancers had, as a rule, more natural grace than those of our times. The conclusion is that we see in Mdlle. Genée—who is too modest to make the assertion—dancing as wonderful as that about which our fathers and grandfathers raved, but we make little fuss about it.

"The English public," she said, "knows little of the technique of dancing; does not even know the meaning of such common terms as *rond de jambes*,

arabesques, *attitude*, *pirouettes*, *entrechats*—the whole terminology is French, you will notice—but the amateurs of Berlin and Vienna are critical judges, though even amongst them the passion is dying away. It is a great and beautiful art!" continued the pretty girl enthusiastically; "but the public seems apathetic. Why, my complaint is that I get too much money—for the fully trained are rare—and too little work, though I am always under engagement. The male dancer has quite disappeared in England, I believe. It is a pity; without him we have no real opportunity for *attitudes*, for concerted pieces, and much is lost. Miming is so little used that the many months I have spent in acquiring the art of silent expression of emotion and idea seem almost wasted."

I could bear no more. I felt the guilt of the British public, which will rave about clumsy acrobatic high-kickers, about skirt-dancers who durst not take their eyes off their in-turned toes, about women with stiff bodies and jerky legs, Catherine-wheelers, somersaulters, and the whole gang of half-baked creatures who think that by a dozen lessons you can turn a stiff human being into a supple instrument fit to sing the music of the body; and I fled in shame and admiration from the charming blonde daughter of the North who is able to show that the phrase about the poetry of motion really has a meaning, and that she can charmingly interpret it.



MDLLE. ADELINA GENEE, PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE AT THE EMPIRE.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



BEAUTY UNADORNED.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EHURY STREET, S.W.



COLONEL VISCOUNT DOWNE, ONE OF LORD ROBERTS' STAFF IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.



CAPTAIN O. M. LEIGH, OF BELMONT HALL, NORTHWICH, WHO TAKES A SQUADRON OF THE EARL OF CHESTER'S YEOMANRY TO SOUTH AFRICA.



THE COLONEL AND OFFICERS OF THE 10TH HUSSARS, THE REGIMENT THAT DISTINGUISHED ITSELF AFRESH IN GENERAL FRENCH'S ATTACK ON COLESBERG.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

LADYSMITH A STERN SIEGE.

This is the first occasion on record when English troops have been bombarded for any length of time in an unfortified town by a civilised force equipped with ordnance of a modern pattern. Consequently, for this, if for no other reason, this siege of Sir George White's gallant garrison by General Joubert and his Boer Army stands out conspicuously in the annals of nineteenth-century warfare.

In order to properly appreciate the peculiar difficulties with which General White has been confronted in the task of keeping the besieging Boers at bay, it is necessary to understand something of the topography of his camp. To begin with, then, it must be understood that the town of Ladysmith is laid out very much in the form of a half-circle, with the points directed towards the east. Here—at a distance of about five miles—the position is faced by Bulwaan Mountain, between the steep side of which and the outskirts of the town winds the swiftly flowing Klip River. The series of hollows in which the different camps of the regiments in garrison here are lying have their eastern and western sides

by certain other Boer batteries. Those just enumerated, however, are the more important ones.

So much for the disposition of the investing force. Now for that observed by our own garrison. This, put briefly, is very much after this fashion: At intervals all round the wide sweep of the horseshoe-like formation of the camp are a number of rocky eminences. These have all been wisely utilised by our troops as positions for mounting Naval or Field Artillery batteries upon. In the intervals between these, there are always on duty, both by day and night, a number of infantry pickets, for the purpose of preventing the enemy from indulging in "sniping" at the expense of our gunners. The Naval batteries are for the most part on the northern side, and are mounted on four hills known respectively as Cove Hill, Junction Hill, Tunnel Hill, and Cemetery Hill. By this provision, the famous 4·7-inch quick-firing guns of H.M.S. *Powerful* and her sister ships have been able to reply most effectively to "Long Tom" on Rietfontein Hill to their north.

Our Field Artillery batteries occupy a succession of ridges extending round the remaining three sides of the camp. The chief of these ridges

On the very morning when England heard with unbounded satisfaction of Sir George White's noble victory at Ladysmith, a number of sketches of the beleaguered town itself came to hand from Lieutenant Richard Hennessy, of the 3rd Gordon Highlanders (wounded at Eland's Laagte), who, in a letter, particularly desired that *The Sketch* should reproduce them in its pages. The Editor takes this opportunity of congratulating the gallant officer upon his enterprise and *The Sketch* readers on the realistic glimpses of the besieged garrison that they thus obtain.



SCENE IN BELEAGUERED LADYSMITH: TALKING TO GENERAL BULLER BY HELIOGRAPH.

Sketched by Lieutenant R. Hennessy, of the 3rd Gordon Highlanders.

exposed to ridges of hills occupied by the enemy. On the north and south sides, however, they are in great measure protected from a hostile cross-fire by a number of huge kopjes. These are chiefly of porphyritic formation, and shelter in their craggy fissures great clumps of wild jasmine, while a luxuriant profusion of brilliantly hued South African flowers blazes almost over the very faces of the rocky boulders themselves. Indeed, Nature seems to have planted a veritable storehouse here, which man has been at special pains to make hideous by war.

From the nature of its position, in a large, half-circular hollow, nearly every part of the town and camp which General White has held so gallantly in the face of extraordinary odds is commanded by heights, on which the enemy have mounted batteries. Thus, on the north (where Joubert has his headquarters) is Rietfontein Hill, upon the eastern spur of which is the well-known "Long Tom." To the north-west of this place (which is also called Pepworth Hill) is Nicholson's Nek, while to the south-west is Surprise Hill, where the Boers have posted a couple of howitzers. On the east, the principal positions occupied by the enemy are the heights of Lombard's Kop (with one two-gun battery) and the already mentioned Bulwaan Mountain. This, which, by the way, is otherwise known as Isimbulwhana Hill, is the place where "Puffing Billy" has been mounted. The southern and western faces of the camp are also commanded (but, fortunately, to a somewhat less degree)

are Convent Hill, on the north; Maiden's Castle, Caesar's Camp, and Wagon Hill, on the south (where the memorable attack that failed was delivered by the enemy on Jan. 6); and Range Post Ridge and Rifleman's Hill, on the west. In addition to the artillery employed in these positions, each hill is permanently held by one or more infantry battalions.

The main stronghold of the Boers is undoubtedly at Rietfontein, for this position commands both the railway to Van Reenan's Pass, due west, and to Newcastle, due north. Accordingly, the enemy are thus enabled to maintain communication with both the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, an advantage of which they have not been backward in making the utmost. Had only these two lines been in our hands from the commencement of the siege, it is safe to assert that our garrison at Ladysmith would long since have been enabled to make a successful sortie on a large scale. With the railways held by the investing force, however, such an operation, eager and ready as our brave fellows would undoubtedly have been to attempt it, must of necessity have resulted in a useless sacrifice of lives that could ill be spared. Nevertheless, several sorties—such as the memorable one upon Surprise Hill, a few weeks ago—have already been successfully carried out. Altogether, we may confidently rest assured that Ladysmith will last for some little time yet, despite the strenuous exertions of all Joubert's horses and all Joubert's men to effect its fall.

SCENE IN BELEAGUERED LADYSMITH.

Sketched by Lieutenant R. Hennessy, of the 3rd Gordon Highlanders.

A BURSTING SHELL DROPS AMONGST THE SIGNALLERS.

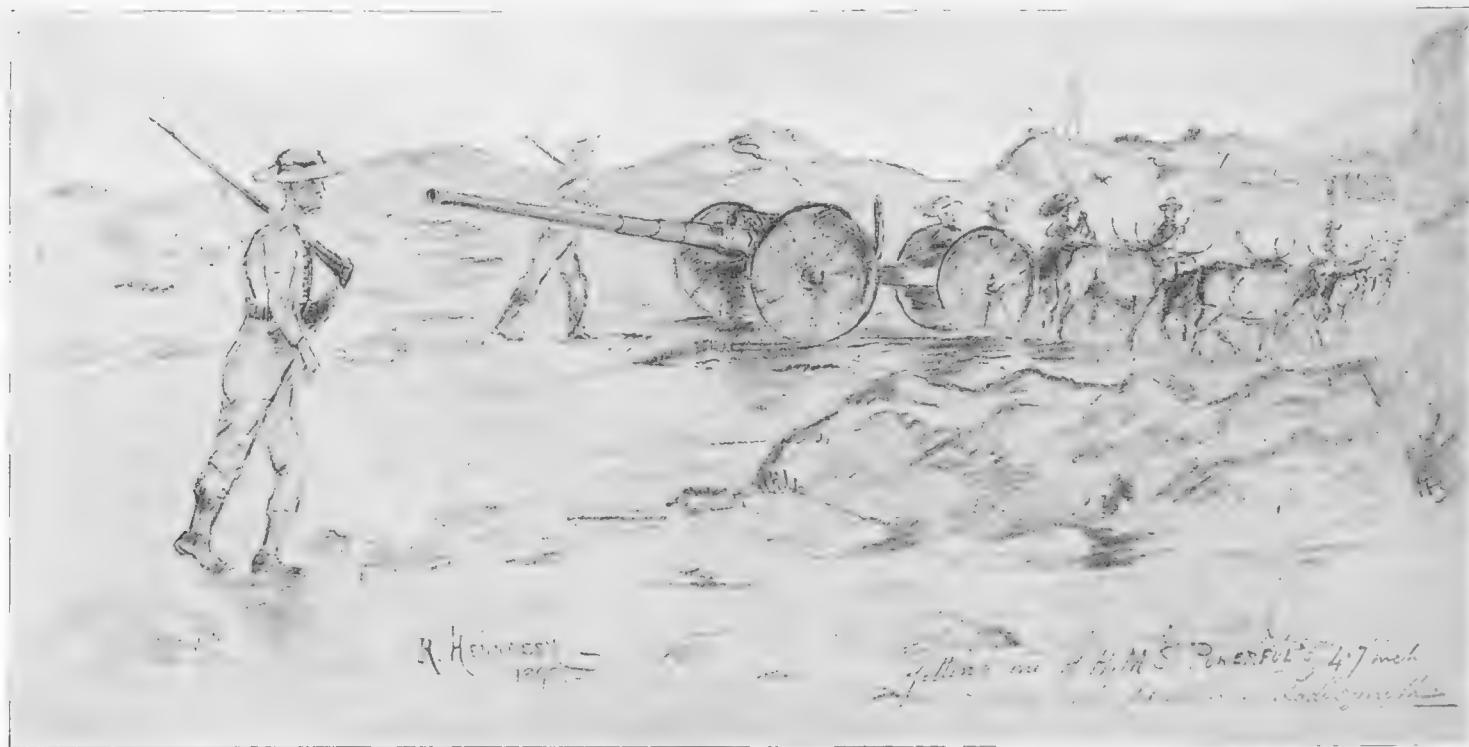
THE FIGHTING AT LADYSMITH.

HOW SIR GEORGE WHITE REPELLED GENERAL JOUBERT'S REPEATED ATTACKS ON JAN. 6.

On the evening of Monday, the 8th inst., a wave of profound thankfulness swept over the whole of the Metropolis. This was because at 4 p.m. on that date there was posted up at the War Office the official confirmation of the decisive victory at Ladysmith which the previous day's rumour had credited General White with gaining there. The

this occasion numbered about twenty thousand. Opposed to these were some eight thousand men at the most, all of whom were on half-rations at the time. In the same way, the long period of enforced inactivity to which a great proportion of them had previously been subjected, on account of wounds or disease, must have materially reduced the efficiency of Sir George White's troops. The splendid spirit, however, which in its hour of trial ever animates all ranks of the British Army was in no wise impaired, for, outnumbered as they were, our men nevertheless achieved a glorious victory.

As has been said, the first shots were fired upon the British outposts guarding the Caesar's Camp position. This was at about a quarter to



SCENE IN BELEAGUERED LADYSMITH: GETTING ONE OF H.M.S. "POWERFUL'S" 47-INCH GUNS INTO POSITION.

Sketched by Lieutenant R. Hennessy, of the 3rd Gordon Highlanders.

suspense which throughout the whole of the preceding Sunday had—despite all attempts to ignore it—occupied the public mind was thus authoritatively relieved. In the same way, the feeling of gloom and doubt, which up to this time had practically dominated the Kingdom, was now succeeded by one of joy and hope, for the cablegram in question made it clear that the long-threatened assault on Ladysmith had utterly failed. All honour, accordingly, to the gallant Soldiers of the Queen who, under their skilful General, so worthily upheld on this memorable occasion the honour of their Country and their Flag!

According to the latest information that is to hand at the time of writing, the main incidents of this notable exploit in the history of this fiercely fought war were these: At early dawn on the morning of Saturday, the 6th inst., the sleeping camp was roused into instant activity by the stirring, clear notes of the "alarm" ringing out sharp and clear into the grey darkness. As the last sound of the warning bugle died away, the garrison fell in under arms, ready to repel an attack upon their own position or to make a sortie upon one of the enemy's, as circumstances might necessitate.

In a very few minutes, the course of action to be pursued was decided upon—an assault upon their own lines was to be resisted. The enemy, emboldened by the considerable reinforcements they had lately received, had—for almost the first time in the history of the campaign—taken the initiative and acted on the offensive. After a few minutes' uncertainty as to the precise point where these new tactics were being employed, it was discovered that an attack was being delivered upon a position to the south of Ladysmith, known as Caesar's Camp.

This is the centre spur of a steep range of hills which forms a natural protection to the southern side of General White's camp, and is flanked on the eastern and western extremities by Wagon Hill and Maiden's Castle. Throughout the siege the whole range has been continuously occupied by our intrenchments, the troops stationed therein being the Manchester Regiment, King's Royal Rifles, and Gordon Highlanders. As circumstances have rendered advisable, one or two field-guns have also been temporarily mounted on the crest of the ridge.

Although it was here that the main attack was delivered by the Boers on this eventful Saturday, a second and equally hard-pressed assault was made upon another position, lying somewhat to the north-east of Ladysmith. This was the rising ground known as Helpmakaar Hill, occupied by the 1st Devonshire Regiment. In their case, however, the engagement did not commence until a little later on in the day.

From the most reliable sources of information obtainable, it is estimated that the force which General Joubert had at his command on

three in the morning, and so persistently did the enemy press the attack that it was not until 7.30 p.m. that they were finally beaten off. Before these seventeen hours of fiercely maintained fighting, however, had been brought to an end, the fortunes of the day had been reversed over and over again. For instance, on no less than three occasions the superior strength of the various Boer commandos engaged, as well as the dogged determination with which they fought, enabled them to gain the Wagon Hill intrenchments. On each occasion, however, our men, by a splendidly executed succession of bayonet-charges, hurled them back again and gallantly recaptured the position. Thus, at the end of the day, General White was enabled to signal, "Enemy everywhere repulsed."

As the battle raged, a portion of the enemy's force gradually worked its way round to the north and established itself on Isimbulwhana Mountain and Lombard's Kop. Due south of these, and at a point almost equidistant from either, is the British position of Helpmakaar Hill. This was held by the 1st Battalions of the Liverpool and Devonshire Regiments—two corps which especially covered themselves with honour on this eventful day.

Indeed, round the rocky kopje upon which these sturdy Devon lads were on duty the action seems to have raged with particular severity, and it was not until dusk had already fallen that the enemy were finally driven from a position here that they had occupied throughout the day. Just as the fading twilight, however, was about to be succeeded by the darkness of the African night, Colonel Park, of the Devons, determined upon one last attempt to oust the Boers from their vantage-ground. Accordingly, calling upon his men to follow him, he gallantly led the battalion across the bullet-swept zone that confronted them. Then, with fixed bayonets, and with a ringing British cheer which may well have daunted even the stout hearts of the Boers, the Devons dashed forward upon the enemy. Instantly the Boer line wavered, a moment later it broke, and the men composing it fled precipitately before the gleaming wall of cold steel bearing resolutely down upon them.

By this notable exploit was appropriately crowned the events of that momentous Saturday, throughout the whole of which our soldiers acquitted themselves with the utmost courage and devotion conceivable. As General White himself said of them, "They had a very trying time and behaved excellently." It is with good reason that England is proud of her sons. So, too, is the Gracious Lady whose uniform was worn by those fighting for the Old Flag on this occasion; and who, as soon as the news of their prowess reached London, sent them a message of approbation from Osborne.

AN INTERVIEW WITH KRUGER.

"OOM PAUL" PREPARED FOR WAR FOR MANY YEARS.

I have recently had an opportunity of a chat with an American gentleman who met "Oom Paul" before the war began in a semi-official capacity, and being of an enterprising turn of mind, like most of his countrymen, he interviewed the President, and told me exactly what Kruger said to him.

"We will fight," said he, with earnestness of manner, "until not one Boer remains to defend our flag and country. Our women and children will also fight for their liberties; and

EVEN I, OLD AS I AM, WILL TAKE THE GUN

which I have used against the English before, and will use it again to defend the country I love. But I hope, even now, that war may be averted. I prefer peace, and do not care to end my days in conflict, though we are all ready for it."

The American gentleman, who is also an amateur journalist, protested that he did not believe there was an inland country on the face of the earth better prepared for war than the Transvaal. He said: "Four years ago, when the Boer Government learned that the Uitlanders of Johannesburg were planning a revolution, it commenced the military preparations which have ever since continued with increasing vigour. A staff of German experts were employed to formulate plans for the defence of the country, and

EUROPEAN ARTILLERISTS OF VARIOUS NATIONALITIES

were secured to teach the arts of modern warfare to the men at the head of the Boer Army.

"Kruger sent for several of my countrymen (West Pointers) of military training to become instructors in the National Military School at Pretoria, and even the women and children were taught the use of arms. Several million pounds were annually spent in Europe in the purchase of the armament required by the plans formulated by the experts, and the whole country has been placed on a war-footing.

"Every important strategic position is made as impregnable as modern skill and arms can make it, and every farmer's cottage is supplied with arms and ammunition, so that a volunteer army can be mobilised at any moment."

I remarked that it was strange that the English War Minister or the Cabinet had not been made aware of these extensive preparations. I asked the American about

THE POSITION OF PRETORIA.

He said: "The city lies in the centre of a square, and at each corner is

a hill surmounted by a strong fort, which commands the valleys and the surrounding country. Each of the four forts has four heavy cannon, four French guns of fifteen miles' range, and thirty heavy Gatling-guns. Besides this extraordinary protection, the city has fifty light Gatling-guns, which can be drawn by mules to any point on the hills where an attack may be made. Three large warehouses are filled with ammunition, and the large armoury is packed to the eaves with Mauser, Martini-Henry, and Wesley-Richards rifles. Two extensive refrigerators, with a capacity of two thousand oxen each, are ample provision against a siege of many months.

KRUGER MADE NO SECRET OF HIS BELIEF

that the city could withstand a siege of two years. In fact, he desired I would say as much in the American journals."

In addition to the fact that the approaches to the mountain passes on the border have been fortified with ordnance, a further element of difficulty in the way of an attacking force lies in the uncertainty as to the attitude of the native races.

Before we parted, I asked the American, whose sympathies are with England, what he thought would be

THE ULTIMATE OUTCOME OF THE WAR.

He said, "I am of the opinion that the Boers will be able to resist and to prolong the campaign to perhaps a year, but they will finally be conquered and humiliated. It will cost the British Empire much treasure and many lives; but it will satisfy those who caused it—the politicians and speculators."

I asked for

A PERSONAL DESCRIPTION OF KRUGER,

and my informant said he is short in stature, measuring about five feet four inches. His head and body are bulky, but his legs are thin and short. The small eyes are surmounted by bushy white eyebrows, which extend half an inch on to his temples. "When he is not sitting for a photograph," pursued the speaker, "his hair is not so smartly arranged as it appears in the published pictures, but hangs limply down over his forehead. When he smiles, the fat circles above his cheeks are pushed upward and shut his small grey eyes from view. When much pleased, he laughs hilariously, and then his eyes close for a few seconds. His nose and mouth are the marked features of his face. Both are on a more extensive scale than even his ample face demands."

"DID YOU EVER MENTION CECIL RHODES TO HIM?"

I inquired.

"I did, and I thought the old fellow would have a fit. His hatred of that man is too deep for words. It is Kruger's firm conviction that he is at the bottom of all the trouble."

H. P.



SCENE IN BELEAGUERED LADYSMITH: MEN OF THE 5TH FUSILIERS AND THEIR MAXIM IN DIFFICULTIES.

Sketched by Lieutenant R. Hennessy, of the 3rd Gordon Highlanders.

SCENES IN BELEAGUERED LADYSMITH.

Sketched by Lieutenant R. Hennessy, of the 3rd Gordon Highlanders.



SIGNALLING FROM COVE REDOUBT TO GENERAL BULLER.



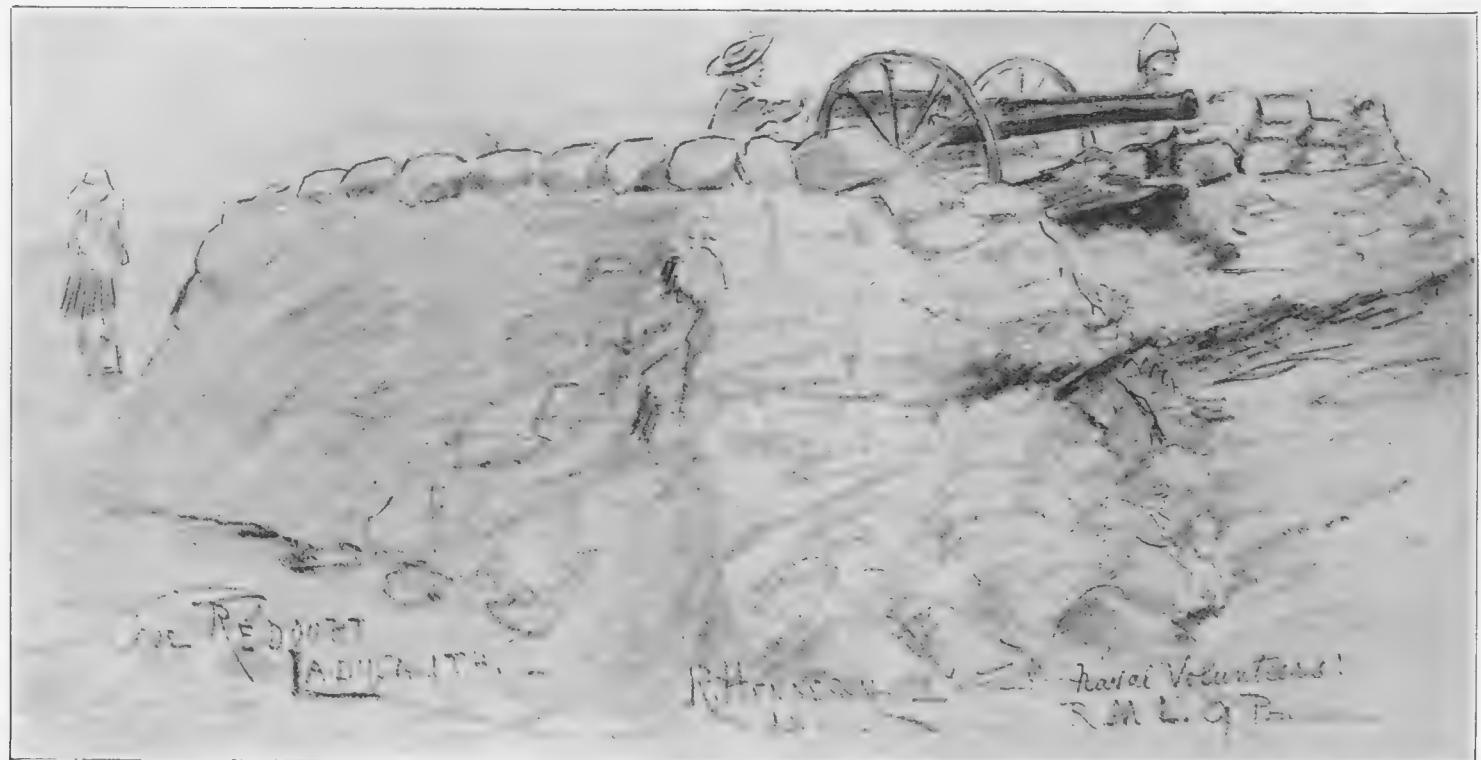
BOERS SCOUTING, QUITE UNAWARE OF THE PROXIMITY OF "THE SKETCH" ARTIST.

SCENES IN BELEAGUERED LADYSMITH.

Sketched by Lieutenant R. Hennessy, of the 3rd Gordon Highlanders.



A COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF THE COVE REDOUBT.



NAVAL VOLUNTEERS DEFENDING THE COVE REDOUBT WITH AN R.M.L. 9-POUNDER.

THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

Exactly one hundred years ago, in January 1800, the Commanding Officers of fourteen regiments of the Line were called upon to select four non-commissioned officers and thirty men, and to recommend three officers of their respective corps to form what was then called the 95th Foot, now titled the "Rifle Brigade."

The record of the gallant corps thus raised is in itself a history of England during the last century, and the time of this regiment's origin bears some resemblance to the present.

Troublous times were those, a hundred years ago, when almost all Europe was groaning under the iron heel of the Corsican. England alone, the tight little island, had not felt the indignity of a foreign tyrant's yoke on her freeborn sons; still, England's position was critical. The loss of the North American possessions had been a great strain upon the country, and seriously affected the sinews of war. Then it was that England's wooden walls were her defence, and put a limit to Napoleon's soaring ambition, safeguarding the small but resolute forces that fought their way from Lisbon to the Pyrenees. Each step they took meant a diminution of Napoleon's power, and the lads in green were there, as they have been everywhere where there was a chance of fighting for the honour and love of the old country.

What a treat it is to see riflemen at work! Always smart and dapper, yet, above all, business-like—the typical light-infantryman. Cool in action, stubborn in defence, daring in attack, the annals of the Rifle Brigade are so full of records of individual bravery that volumes could not do justice to the men who in one short century shed their blood to raise their country to the proud position it now holds in a world that every year more and more resembles a huge camp prepared for war.

Three brothers named Hart, at the Battle of Vimiera, had to be repeatedly rebuked by Lieutenant Molloy for their eagerness in pressing

Inkerman was the great day of the 1st Battalion, a day of heavy losses, especially in officers. Colour-Sergeant Higgins, afterwards Captain Higgins, brought the 2nd Company out of action. Another day of honour for the 1st Battalion was the "affair at the Ovens." Especially distinguished were Lieutenants Tryon, Bouchier, and Cunningham, with four sergeants and two hundred men. Not only were their gallant deeds eulogised in glowing terms by the Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces, but they also formed the theme of General Canrobert's general orders. Both officers were awarded the V.C., and Colour-Sergeant Hicks received the French War Medal.

The 2nd and 3rd Battalions proceeded to India on the outbreak of the Mutiny, and pushed on to Cawnpore, gaining Outram's highest commendation for their bravery at the capture of Lucknow. Hard pressed at Nawabgunga, they kept a vastly superior force of the enemy at bay unaided till, their strength almost failing, the 7th Hussars thundered up to the rescue. Four V.C.'s were awarded to the Brigade after the Indian Mutiny.

From 1861-62 the 1st Battalion was engaged in Canada; the 2nd and 3rd Battalions in various encounters with the Mahrattas and other hostile Indian tribes; the 1st and 4th Battalions assisted in teaching the Fenians, who are again entering their noisy protests against law and order, a most salutary lesson.

A hundred years exactly since this gallant corps was called into existence, and look at its proud list of honours: "Copenhagen," "Monte Video," "Roleia," "Vimiera," "Corunna," "Busaco," "Barrosa," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Ciudad Rodrigo," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "South Africa, 1846-7," "South Africa, 1851-2-3," "Sebastopol," "Alma," "Inkerman," "Lucknow," "Ashanti," "Ali Musjid," "Afghanistan, 1878-79," and others of more recent date.

Troublous times were those, and they seem to have returned. As they were overcome by the brave men who wore the dark green in the days



TRAIN LEAVING ALIWAL NORTH. NOW HELD BY THE BOERS.

forward to engage the enemy hand-to-hand. "D—n you! Keep back and get under cover! Do you think you are fighting with fists, that you run into the French like that?"

What more glorious than the charge of the Light Division at Busaco? The boys in green were there. Onward, greatly distinguishing themselves at Barrosa, where Andrew Barnard, commanding 3rd Battalion (raised in 1808) was wounded; again distinguishing themselves at Sabugal, and mentioned in despatches for the repulse they inflicted on a strong body of French infantry at Fuentes d'Onor. Rifle-bugles sounded a note of triumph on the walls of fallen Ciudad Rodrigo. Riflemen led the Division at the storming of Badajoz, seven officers and one hundred men of the 95th forming part of the "forlorn hope." At Vittoria the 95th claim to have been the first to engage the enemy, and were the first to capture guns from the French. During the pursuit of the enemy after this battle, some of the men of the 95th mounted behind troopers of the 1st Royal Dragoons and succeeded in capturing the last gun the French were carrying off from Vittoria. At Nivelle the 95th sustained heavy losses; Sir Andrew Barnard was severely wounded.

In the final struggles that brought about Bonaparte's downfall, the 1st Battalion 95th were the first to engage the enemy at Quatre Bras, and finally, at Waterloo, the 2nd and 3rd Battalions, under Sir Frederick Adams, were engaged in the terrible fights round Hougoumont and took part in the charge that completely routed the Imperial Guard. In February following the Battle of Waterloo the 95th ceased to be known by their old number, were removed from the list of Regiments of the Line, and titled the "Rifle Brigade."

South Africa is by no means new to this gallant corps, for in 1846 they "worried Sandilli out of his hiding-places among the mountains," and afterwards, at Boomplatz, taught the Boers such a lesson as they are hardly likely to forget, especially as Boer memories are being very sharply refreshed on all occasions when they meet the battalions of Rifles now at the front.

The Crimean War called forth the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Rifle Brigade to battle, and, as witness of their prowess, of the first distribution of Victoria Crosses no fewer than eight fell to the officers and men of the Rifle Brigade. The first to be recommended for the V.C. was Major Norcott, of the 2nd Battalion, at the Alma, whose distinguished bravery attracted even the enemy's attention. An officer of a Russian battery who was taken prisoner stated that he had specially laid a gun for "the daring officer in the dark uniform on the black horse."

when our Empire was not based on the sure foundation it now rests on, so will they be overcome by those who have again gone forth to meet a cunning foe and "worry him out of his mountain hiding-places."

THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

Famous for hard fighting and straight shooting are the old 88th Foot, the 1st Connaught Rangers. Now their turn has come again. A neat straight shooting, an amusing incident is related in the official records of the regiment. During the Battle of Talavera, on June 27, 1809, the Connaught Rangers were posted in a wood on the Alberche River. They were ordered to retire, which they did in line under a heavy fire, and with heavier hearts, as they were forbidden to fire unless they could cover their man. The galling fire of the enemy tried the Irish temper most severely, particularly that of Corporal Thomas Kelly, of the 4th Company, he being the first to pull a trigger. Going up to the Adjutant, Lieutenant Stewart, and pointing to an exceedingly energetic French officer, he said, "Do you see that officer standing by the olive-tree in front of me? He is a dangerous man, and has been giving directions to his soldiers that won't serve us. Four of the company have been hit already; but, if you will allow me, I think I could do for him." "Try then, Kelly." Kelly fired, and the French officer fell. His men, disconcerted by the loss of their leader, ceased to harass the regiment, which continued its retreat through the wood, and took up its position on the left of the Allied Forces—the key of the position.

Raised in Ireland in 1793 as the 88th Foot, with the title of "Connaught Rangers," they were at once sent off to the campaign in Holland, where they did not stay long, but moved in 1794 to the West Indies; from there to the East Indies in 1799, where they fought at Seringapatam. In 1800 they served under Abercromby in Egypt; 1806 found them at the Cape of Good Hope. In 1807 they had a call to South America, thence to Cadiz, and in 1808 from there to Portugal. The names of "Talavera," "Busaco," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Ciudad Rodrigo," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Nivelle," "Orthes," "Toulouse," and "Peninsula" record their deeds of daring against England's old enemy.

Further "honours" were added at the Alma, at Inkerman, Sebastopol, and in Central India. "South Africa, 1877-8-9," is recorded on their colours, and to this latter another date may shortly be added.



BOERS CROSSING FROM THE FREE STATE INTO ALIWAL NORTH BY FRERE BRIDGE. THIS BRIDGE THEY HAVE SINCE BLOWN UP.



BRITISH TROOPS FOR "THE FRONT": ARRIVAL OF THE WELSH REGIMENT AT PORT ELIZABETH
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SENT TO "THE SKETCH" FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

“PAPA’S WIFE.”

The latest theatrical sensation in New York is the musical play produced at the Manhattan Theatre, on Broadway. It is called (like the dainty little play written by Messrs. F. C. Philips and Seymour Hicks, and set to music by the charming Miss Ellaline Terriss) “Papa’s Wife.” It has been adapted by Harry B. Smith from two French vaudevilles by MM. Hennequin and Millaud, and has been supplied with music (more or less new) by Reginald De Koven. Both the American adapter and the ditto composer are known to English playgoers by means of a clever comic opera or two, especially by “Maid Marian,” which had a fairly good run at the Prince of Wales’s a few years ago. These collaborators appear to have performed their respective tasks pretty cleverly—if somewhat conventionally—as regards “Papa’s Wife,” which is undoubtedly a play of what our truly British Mr. Arthur Roberts would call “Near the Knuckle.” Anyhow, its blueness, if not exactly ultramarine, is certainly somewhat azure.

The great “hit” in “Papa’s Wife” is made by the sweet (and saucy) beauty Anna Held, who was wont to fascinate our Palace Theatre patrons a year or two ago, and to occasionally startle some by her extremely décolleté method of costume. The lovely Anna, who is no

PRINCE KROPOTKIN’S MEMOIRS.

As interesting as a novel—no, ten times more interesting than ninety-nine novels out of a hundred—are “The Memoirs of a Revolutionary,” as Prince Kropotkin calls the two volumes of autobiography which Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. have just published. The larger part of this work was published in serial form during part of 1898 and most of last year, under the title of “The Autobiography of a Revolutionary.” Those who read these episodes in disconnected form will be glad to renew their acquaintance with them in a consecutive fashion, while those who desire to learn much of the life-story of one of the two most famous Russians of our generation—the other being Count Tolstoi—and, with that life-story, much of the history of contemporary Russia, will do well to turn to these fascinating volumes. Few men have had so fine an opportunity of writing from personal experience of the great changes which have occurred in the Russia of our day, for few men have lived so intimately among them as Prince Kropotkin, whose life reads like some romance invented by Dumas. It began picturesquely, and its vicissitudes have been remarkable. As a child, at a fancy-dress ball, he was selected by the Emperor Nicholas to serve as a page—one of the most coveted honours which could fall to the lot of a younger member of a great



SCENE FROM “PAPA’S WIFE.” IN NEW YORK: SHOWING HOW “PAPA’S WIFE” GETS “VINE-LEAVES IN HER HAIR” AND WILL SING.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

stranger to America—especially as regards its variety stage—has “caught the town,” as the saying is, in this piece. All New York, especially young men of the gilt-edged “Dude” type, is going to see the splendidly formed Anna Held dance and sing in French upon a table, the song being the famous “Tambour Clairon, Musique en Tête,” an introduced song composed by Hervé, whose “Chilperic” was produced at our Lyceum some thirty years ago. Perhaps these few remarks and the pictures presented may serve to prepare *Sketch* readers for the time when “Papa’s Wife” comes to London. When she does, she will, of course, have to change her name, by reason of the little English play named above.

Pending the re-invasion of London by Anna Held with this piece (directed by her manager, F. R. Ziegfeld junior), it might be as well to inform my readers that, although Miss Held is said to have come out quite as a real live actress this time, one of the more or less cultured, but certainly one of the cleverest, of local critics—“Alan Dale,” to wit—variously describes her in his essays as “Anna of the Milk Baths,” “Anna of the Shoulder-blades that eighteen-year-old boys rave about,” “Anna of the *enbonpoint* that has been the desperation of corset-makers,” and so on: also that Anna has (the present writer learns) won forty thousand dollars in a lottery, and is ready to pay a quarter of that amount for a new play for herself. (Here’s a chance, oh, ye budding dramatists!) Likewise, one may mention that Anna has been personally complimented by Admiral Dewey and his new bride.

H. C. N.

family—and later on, when he had passed through the necessary school at St. Petersburg, he went to the Court as a page to the Emperor Alexander.

Already a change in the life of the Russian nobility had begun. Revolution was in the air; its spirit was felt in every class of society, from the highest to the lowest. Everywhere the talk was of education and reform, and “the abolition of serfdom,” as he says himself, “was the question which then engrossed the attention of all thinking men.” Already the young Prince had begun to be a revolutionist, and even before he was nominated Sergeant of the Corps of Pages he had edited his first revolutionary paper.

For the events which finally led up to his arrest for belonging to a “Secret Society which had for its object the overthrow of the then existing form of Government and of conspiracy against the Sacred Person of His Imperial Majesty,” the reader must turn to this most vividly written book. How Prince Kropotkin bore himself under the accusation which led to his imprisonment in that fortress where Peter the Great murdered his son Alexis, and how, finally, he escaped from it, no one but himself can adequately relate. The chapter telling of his escape is, in fact, a masterpiece of dramatic description, and hurries the reader breathlessly along, until, when the hero of this romance is free and quietly eating a good dinner at the most famous restaurant in St. Petersburg, while the officers are searching everywhere else for him, one feels inclined to shout as at the fall of the curtain after an exciting act.



SCENE FROM "PAPA'S WIFE," THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, IN NEW YORK
(SHOWING HOW THE SAUCY ANNA HELD—AS AN EX-CONVENT GIRL, NOW "PAPA'S WIFE"—TREATS AN INCONVENIENT MILITARY LOTHARIO).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

“THE SKETCH” COMEDIES.

CHEZ LA MODISTE.

BY EDWARD F. SPENCE.

Innermost sanctuary of MADAME PANNE’s Atelier de Modes, Robes, et Lingerie Artistique. Room plainly furnished, principal feature a huge tripartite mirror. In one corner an easel with canopy over it, in which is fitted an electric light; near it is a small safe. Present, the MARCHIONESS OF FORDINGLERIDGE, fair, somewhat over-fat, and decidedly over forty, well dressed; and MRS. LULU LANCASTER, a journalist, tall, thin—perhaps scrappy—badly dressed in good clothes.

MRS. LULU. Dear Lady Fordingleridge, how do you do?

LADY F. I am afraid that I don’t quite—

MRS. LULU. Oh yes, you do, dear Lady Fordingleridge. Don’t you remember you were introduced to me (*the MARCHIONESS stares*) at the Cecil Mayers’? Don’t you remember how you wrote to thank me for that description I gave of your gown?

LADY F. Oh yes, I remember quite well! You are Mrs. Canning, of the *Dame’s Gazette*.

MRS. LULU (*vexed*). Not exactly, dear lady. I am Mrs. Lulu Lancaster, of the *Ladies’ Globe*.

LADY F. Oh, quite the same thing! At least, I don’t exactly mean that. I know you so well! But what are you doing here? I didn’t know you dressed at Panne’s!

MRS. LULU. Of course I don’t, dear lady. She would ruin poor little me. Why, for twopennyworth of chiffon and a little style she charges more than I earn in a month!

LADY F. Oh, I quite understand that!

MRS. LULU. Of course, I don’t mean it at all, for I really make quite an awful lot of money. But, you see, I come here to learn all about the fashions—of course, I pick up other little bits of gossip for my columns. You see, Madame Panne does a little money-lending, and one learns here all sorts of wonderful things about people in real Society.

LADY F. (*excited*). And does she *really* lend money, my dear?

MRS. LULU. Yes. But I tell you, on the strict Q.T., she charges like the worst of them, and will accept only the best security.

LADY F. What sort of security?

MRS. LULU. Oh, you dear goose! Why, the securities given by people of position who have no right to give them; bills with signatures that have got on them by mistake, jewels borrowed without leave by those who pledge them, notes with the names of possible co-respondents.

LADY F. (*sighs*). Thank goodness I am not so degenerate as that! By-the-bye, I didn’t think very much of Panne’s dresses for the people in the new piece at “The Queen’s.” They seemed to me rather, rather—what is that French word that means something like “steep”?

MRS. LULU. Of course, you mean *voyong*. I might tell you a bit of a secret. You know, Madame Panne really has a Paris *clientèle*—unlike some of the French houses in London that have come here because the French won’t buy their things; and when she has any daring new idea for a dress, she doesn’t risk it on a good customer, but, to use her phrase, she “tries him on ze dorg”—that is, she waits till she has some commission to dress a piece, and then she makes her experiment.

LADY F. And all you fashion-writers declare each time that the result is ravishing! By the way, my dear Mrs. Lancaster, I noticed the other day that you described one of the dresses in “The Up-to-Dates” as green. I think you called it *vert tendre de grenouille amoureuse*, while, really, it was butcher’s-blue.

MRS. LULU. My dear lady, no doubt you are quite correct; but, you see, it was a pretty phrase; and, besides, I didn’t have an official description of the dress; and, moreover, I wasn’t asked to the dressing-room; and, to tell the truth, I am very short-sighted, and I should look a fright with glasses, and my husband—dear fellow—has such a horror of frights!

LADY F. Oh, I quite understand! I don’t think glasses would really suit your style. My friends tell me my pince-nez gives me rather a piquant air.

[She puts it on affectedly, and looks about as piquant as a sheep with a pair of spectacles.]

MRS. LULU. Charming, my dear lady, charming! Oh, if only I had your type, of course I should wear them. That’s where you pretty little plump blondes have the pull.

LADY F. That’s all very well, but Panne is a fearful time coming. She made an appointment a fortnight ago for four-forty-five to-day, and it is now a quarter past five, and I am dreadfully busy and ought to be at a Bazaar at five-thirty o’clock for the benefit of the—er—er—of a charity in which I am immensely interested.

MRS. LULU. Oh, you mean the Bazaar for the benefit of the woman who used to do the “principal-boy” parts at the *Frivolity*—what’s her name?

LADY F. Oh yes! I don’t exactly remember myself, but I know she’s immensely deserving.

MRS. LULU. By-the-bye, I didn’t know—

[The door opens; a servant in superb livery enters, carrying large silver tray with tea, coffee, and petits fours.]

SERVANT. Madame Panne begs me to present her apologies and say that she regrets exceedingly she is detained by an important client who has to leave for the States this evening. She hopes you will excuse her

for a minute or two, and take a cup of tea or coffee; or, can I get you an ice, Milady—or (*and his manner becomes very confidential*), if you would prefer something a little more sustaining—?

LADY F. Thank you, I think I would sooner take a whisky-and-soda. Tea and coffee are so dreadfully bad for the nerves. Don’t you think so, Mrs. Lulu?

MRS. LULU. No, thank you, I never take anything, except with meals—or afterwards. Tea, please.

[The footman pours her out a cup of tea, leaves the tray on a small table, and goes out.]

MRS. LULU. You were just going to tell me, dear Lady Fordingleridge, how you came to leave Madame Nénuphar and come to Madame Panne as a client?

LADY F. (*a little embarrassed*). Well, you see, Nénuphar is a good sort, and all right about *lingerie*, but she never caught quite my style—quite a Greuze style, don’t you know.

MRS. LULU. Oh, but she made you some charming *confections*! Why, I can remember one, one that you wore at—(*She opens a note-book, turns over some pages hurriedly*)—you wore at the première of “The Black Tulip.” Let me see, it was a sweet white lace over yellow.

LADY F. Oh dear, no! White chiffon over *rose thé*. It’s funny how wrong you—you professional ladies sometimes are in your descriptions.

MRS. LULU. That’s all very well; but, what with queer artificial lights, and doing things in a hurry, and German pencils with bad leads, we are bound to go wrong occasionally. You know, dear, accidents will happen even in the worst-regulated families. I could tell you quite a funny tale about it.

LADY F. Oh, do!

MRS. LULU. Well, a friend of mine who is a singer, quite a delightful singer, got into dreadful trouble with her husband, who is in the colonies. She had been on tour, and kept sending him all her notices, and she got an awful letter from him accusing her of the greatest extravagance, and saying that he observed she had appeared at thirty different towns in a three-months’ tour, and worn a different dress in each, and that, as she got paid only ten guineas a concert, and obviously each dress cost a great deal more than that, she had much better stay at home and live on the allowance he sent her, otherwise they would both be ruined.

LADY F. Well, dear, that seems quite reasonable on his part.

MRS. LULU. Yes, but, you dear, sweet creature, the point is that she wore only one dress the whole time, but that the descriptions were different, and I am sorry to say that the poor man doesn’t believe the explanation. But I really wonder at your leaving Madame Nénuphar, for she really did make you some wonderful dresses!

LADY F. (*a little nervously*). Well, you see, to tell the truth, she is so dreadfully unreasonable. She didn’t seem to see that, well, if I were described in the papers as wearing her dresses everywhere—that is, everywhere real people go—and recommended her to my friends, that—er—there ought to be little allowances—er—you know. Fair play is a jewel.

MRS. LULU (*laughing*). Yes, dear, but she seems to have thought it was a jewel that required a *gold* setting. By-the-bye, I hope she isn’t spiteful. You know that Ségeste played a pretty trick on the Duchesse de Langéais when she left him.

LADY F. Indeed! What was that?

MRS. LULU. Why, he worked the Paris Press so ingeniously that for weeks, day after day, in the *Faits Divers* of the different papers appeared such an announcement as, “Among those present was the Duchesse de Langéais in the brilliant costume of *ambre larmoyong* satin designed for her last season by Ségeste”; or, “The Duchesse de Langéais honoured the ball with her presence, and appeared ravishing in the *ambre larmoyong* satin toilette designed for her last season by Ségeste”; or, “Amongst the belles of the evening was the Duchesse de Langéais, still faithful to the *ambre larmoyong* satin creation designed for her by Ségeste last season,” and so on, till the poor thing became quite the laughing-stock of Paris.

LADY F. (*laughing timidly*). Thank goodness, they couldn’t get at the English Press like that! If there is one thing of which we have to be proud, dear Mrs. Lancaster, it is the honesty and accuracy of the British Press.

[Footman enters with an old Venetian moulded and gilt decanter, pours out of it some whisky in a cut-glass tumbler, opens the soda-water, gives the Marchioness her drink, and gravely retires without a word.]

LADY F. By-the-bye, my dear, do you believe in this business of Panne’s of sketching her customers, so as to keep an accurate idea of them in mind when designing and carrying out their gowns?

MRS. LULU. Oh, it seems to me a capital idea, though you will find that she will do it in a somewhat absurdly theatrical manner.

[At this moment the door opens, and MADAME PANNE appears. She is a middle-aged, plain woman, with a shrewd face, dressed in a simple, black, tailor-made gown. She hurriedly apologises to the Marchioness, begs her to sit down, then tells Mrs. Lancaster she will deal with her in a few minutes. She unlocks the small safe and takes out a large, flat book, and sets it on the easel. She seats herself under the canopy, takes up a palette and brushes and a pencil. Her accent is the French broken-English dear to the stage.]

• SULKY PEGGY •



MADAME PANNE (*to LADY F.*). Milady, vell you 'ave the bonté to sit a little more straight, and turn your 'ead more to ze right, and raise your eyes. Ah, I comprehend your style—what I should call one of ze plump Madonnas of ze early Ecole Italienne. I zink I can design you somezing vich, vilst preserving your charming air of candour and simplicity—perhaps I might say, virginal simplicity—vill yet give a little note of audacity—I might almost 'int of wickedness, or perhaps I should call 'im merely *espièglerie*.

[*While she is saying this, MADAME PANNE is busy at the easel, and affecting the manners of a portrait-painter. The MARCHIONESS beams.*

MRS. LULU. Mayn't I just look over your shoulder whilst you are sketching? I am told your work is just awfully clever!

MADAME PANNE (*severely*). Not for worlds; I nevare permit 'im. I should not even let Madame la Marquise see 'im 'erself. Zese sketches, which are invaluable to me and essentielle to my art, are sacré—so sacré I 'ave made arrangements zat, eef anysing 'appen to me, zees work vill be burnt wiz all my ozzers.

MRS. LULU. Oh, that's a good idea! You're not like—

MADAME PANNE. Not like zat cat Madame Olympe, 'oo sold all ze measurements of 'er clients' figures to a newspaper, and made zem ridicule. [*All this time the dressmaker is busy at the easel.*

LADY F. By-the-bye, talking of measurements, I haven't been measured yet.

MADAME PANNE. You will be measured in ze room adjoining by one of my young demoiselles. My task, Madame la Marquise, is purely aestetique; 'ers is mechanical.

[*The MARCHIONESS looks crushed. At this moment the door is opened hastily, and a young woman rushes in, greatly agitated, and cries out.*

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh, marm, do come at once! Master's just come home, and he is in a dreadful state! And he has kissed me and the girls, and kicked the dog, and knocked down two of the trying-on figures, and is going on awful!

[*MADAME PANNE jumps up, calls out in a broad Cockney accent, "Great Scott! I'll 'ave to stop that! You wait 'ere 'alf a mo'!" and rushes out, forgetting to lock up the book. The young woman follows her. A long pause. HER LADYSHIP and MRS. LANCASTER look at one another, then advance on tiptoe in silence to the easel and gaze at the book.*

LADY F. There's no painting at all!

MRS. LULU. Good gracious! No; but there's some writing.

(*They read aloud in unison.*)

"Marchioness Fordingleridge, middle-aged, stout, short and squab, no style, fat face, thin hair, pug-nose, bad pay. Fake costumes made for South African woman whose husband was 'hammered' last week."

LADY F. (*half-crying, but bursting with indignation*). Impudent, disgraceful creature! (*She turns over a page, then another, and another.*) Why, there are no sketches anywhere, only descriptions like this! (*They read and read and chuckle till her ladyship is brought to good-humour by the malicious descriptions of her friends. When they reach the end—that is, the beginning of the book—MRS. LANCASTER says*) My dear lady, I shall make some lovely "copy" out of this!

LADY F. You're a goose, my dear! We shall make something much better than "copy" out of this!

MRS. LULU. What do you mean?

LADY F. We shall make a beautiful wardrobe for each of us without any bother about bills!

CURTAIN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

The pension scheme of the Incorporated Society of Authors is attracting a great deal of attention. It is proposed that the Society raise a certain amount of money to be used in the payment of pensions, and not of donations. The pensions are not to be less than £30 nor more than £100 per annum, and, as a rule, they are not to be given to anyone who has not attained the age of sixty years. The pensions are to be for life, but may be discontinued by the Committee in certain circumstances, and the names of the recipients of the pensions and the amount given are to be published. Two-thirds of the contributions are to be added to the capital of the pension fund, while one-third may be devoted to the payment of pensions or in the purchase of annuities to satisfy the pensions granted.

A few well-known writers have sent contributions, the largest subscriber being Mr. Anthony Hope, who gives £200, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Barrie, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Douglas Freshfield, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. Gilbert Parker, £100 each, while others promise an annual donation. I believe the scheme to be excellent and timely. The necessity for it already exists, and is almost certain to increase. The one point on which there may be a difference of opinion is the condition that no pension shall be given to anyone who has not been a member of the Society of Authors for ten years at least, or a life member, but this is a detail that may very well be adjusted. It is impossible not to see that the vogue of even popular authors is restricted to a certain

number of years. Some may go on longer, but even they have their limit.

The demand for books which are the result of great and continued labour but are not amusing certainly does not increase. I know of a case where a man gave nearly twenty years of his life to the study of a historical subject. The result appeared in a large work, which was enthusiastically reviewed by the principal papers. So far, about one hundred and seventy copies have been sold, and there is little demand at present. The author and his publishers are both out of pocket, and I should not like to predict that either will receive anything. Yet erudite literature will die among us if some substantial recognition is not given to this form of labour.

Authors who have a great success and live up to their incomes do not deserve much pity when their popularity leaves them. I am afraid that economy is not the chief virtue of the writing fraternity. It ought to be, however. Provision should be made for a rainy day, and no man in receipt of a good income is to be excused if he does not in some way make a provision for those dependent on him. I have no doubt that the Committee of the Society of Authors will give preference to those who have lived frugally, and have done their best, but for whom circumstances have proved hostile.

For many people no January magazine is so interesting as *Scribner's*, containing as it does the first instalment of Mr. Barrie's story, "Tommy and Grizel." There is a good drawing by Mr. Bernard Partridge, which shows Tommy being lionised, surrounded by a bevy of fair dames, the men casting envious glances on the triumphant hero. Mr. Barrie passes over very rapidly the road by which Tommy reaches literary fame. He begins by being amanuensis to O. P. Pym, some touches of whose portrait are surely borrowed from Balzac. The great Pym was exceedingly popular as a penny novelist. He was an author in such demand that his publishers were wont to have his boots removed, lest he should slip thoughtlessly round the corner before his work was done, and he was sadly addicted to drink. Between the first chapter and the second there is an interval of six years, and by this time Tommy is a famous man. His fame has been achieved by a book entitled "Letters to a Young Man about to be Married." Another title almost as applicable would have been, "Bits Cut Out of a Story because They Prevented its Marching." The book presented woman at her best, and took the town by storm. Tommy awoke a famous man, and big-hearted, hopeless Pym was puzzled and delighted.

Tommy went into Society, and studied women, discovering that the way to win them was to say, "Has it ever struck you that you are very unlike other women?" To this, the invariable answer was, "Oh, however could you have found that out?" In the course of his experiments, Tommy proposes to a widow, who asks a minute for reflection, and runs out of the room. Tommy sits in terror that the answer may be "Yes," but the widow announces that she will be his very dear friend, and that it will be the proudest recollection of her life that Tommy had entertained such feelings for her. Grizel comes in at the end of the instalment, or rather, Tommy sets out for Thirums to meet her there. So far, the tale is written with Mr. Barrie's characteristic subtlety, but many will be inclined to regret that he has not told, as he only could have told, the story of a slowly successful effort to seize London by the throat.

Count Tolstoi has been ill, and it has been asked whether his last story, "Resurrection," will share the fate of "Edwin Drood," and remain for ever unfinished. As a matter of fact, I believe the story has been completed for a considerable time. The extraordinary complications and adventures that have accompanied its publishing both here and in America would by themselves make a tale of no small interest. A very honest attempt has been made to apply the principles of Socialism to the publication of books.

High up in the ranks of the adventure-story stands Mr. S. R. Keightley's "Heronford" (Pearson), far and away his best bit of work. There are echoes of other books and writers in it, but the echoes remind us of pleasant and of worthy things. Stevenson certainly stood over the writing of it, and his inspiration has not been too much weakened. There is something also that vaguely reminds one of "Esmond" in it. And the care of workmanship and the gentle old-world sentiment have not been gained at the expense of the story, which is full of incident and spirited.

Mr. Pemberton's volume of Venice stories, "Signors of the Night," has been deservedly praised by the reviewers. His forthcoming novel, "Feo," the heroine of which contracts a morganatic marriage with an Austrian Prince, contains still better work, and those who have followed it in *The Woman at Home* expect for it a great success.

Arthur Penderys, in Messrs. Hatchard's excellent book-list, says that, in spite of the war, books are being read this winter because of the amount of illness which is about. Invalids devour books; and an English winter makes quite enough invalids to keep publishers from absolute ruin. There is truth in this. Influenza has done something to counteract the results of the war, and so, though publishers are not very cheerful, they are not broken-hearted. I am collecting statistics of the effect of the war on books and periodicals which I hope to publish some day.

o. o.

"Somebody" duet

It is for you to tell my lady and since you know her well my lady say
"The Silver Star of Love"

G is the silver star of love that is shining so bright for me
"The fellow who might!"

The fellow who did did did who did at first there was slight
"Phrenology" night-night-night

Then you no wedding need be dreading when there all say it is the virtue
"An Introducing Person"

When an interesting person such as you
"The Shade of the Palms"

"Dact" my Dolores Queen of the Eastern Sea

Dact Dact take it for a race
"When I leave town"

I am known or by where from Berkeley Square
"The millionaire song" Bayswater to Berkeley Square

The nation will declare you are when they see what a million
"I must love someone"

Tell me pretty maiden are there any more at home like you there are a
mysterious musician

This vicious mysterious we tol
Land of my Home

Land of my Father that has lived in Song & Story

SOME OF THE MELODIES IN "FLORODORA," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

A FACSIMILE PAGE OF MANUSCRIPT BY THE COMPOSER, LESLIE STUART.

THE ROYAL SCOTS (LOTHIAN REGIMENT).

The Royal Scots have a noble record, but probably their best-known day of honour is the memorable 16th of June when Napoleon's forces made their last attempt to regain that position in Europe which had been gradually wrested from them. Called by the sound of the bugle from comfortable quarters in Brussels on the night of the 15th to 16th June, they reached the undulating ground about Quatre Bras and spent the 16th under circumstances the most trying to infantry. Constantly deploying against the enemy's infantry and repulsing them, then forming squares against the iron waves of the French cavalry surging up in dense columns and falling back annihilated, they proved the valour of their Scottish race which has made their name respected in all quarters of the globe. Equally trying was the second day, when the British forces retired on Waterloo; but glorious was then the sound of the "Advance" when, towards evening of the 18th, the welcome cry of "Prussians on the left!" spread along the "thin red line" charging the now broken French columns and completely overthrowing them. The Allied Armies joined in pursuit of Europe's great enemy, and did not stop till they reached the walls of Paris, where they reinstated an old King and a new order of things.

The history of this famous corps dates back to the days of the earliest Kings of France. Originally a bodyguard of Charles III. of France, raised in 882, their duty was to safeguard the King's person, and well they did it too. Twice they saved the life of Louis IX., once in France, and afterwards in Egypt during the Holy War. When Louis IX. returned from Palestine in 1252, he increased the corps to the number of about one hundred. In 1420, John, Earl of Buchan, brought a body of men seven thousand strong from Scotland to assist the Dauphin to his rights, and they evinced signal gallantry on several occasions, notably at the Battle of Beaugé, on March 22, 1421, when the Duke of Clarence and about a hundred Englishmen were killed. Charles VII. of France selected from among them a hundred men-at-arms and a hundred archers, constituting them a corps of Guards, called "Gens d'Armes d'Ecossoises." Their commander, the Earl of Buchan, was appointed Constable of France. Their conspicuous bravery earned for them the honour of precedence of all other troops in France, as "Garde du Corps Ecossoises," in 1440.

Again they distinguished themselves at the taking of Naples, 1459, against the Venetians in 1509, and were nearly all killed in defending Francis I. at the Battle of Pavia, where he was taken prisoner, and on which occasion the King's remark, "Tout est perdu sauf l'honneur," would seem to apply particularly to the Scottish Guards.

During the reign of James VI. of Scotland (James I. of England) a body of Scots were sent to assist Henry IV. of France in his wars with the Leaguers. The companies of the regiment were raised and commanded by the officers of the old Scottish Guards of the Kings of France, and thus the connection between the old Scottish Guards and what is now the 1st Royal Scots is established. A further body of Scottish troops laid the foundation to what eventually became a part of the 1st Royal Regiment of Foot.

In 1613, "The Lion of the North," King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, procured a number of companies from Scotland and the Netherlands, the latter being Scottish companies that had for many years served the States-General of the United Provinces, and whose valour is mentioned in glowing terms by Schiller in his history of the Revolt of the Netherlands. These companies were formed into two Scottish regiments, and as such took part in most of the battles of the Thirty Years' War.

In the meantime, the Bohemian Protestants, having revolted from the House of Austria, elected to the throne the Count Palatine, who was assisted by an English regiment under Sir Horace Hore, and had also a regiment of English and Scots under Colonel Gray. One of the Scots companies was commanded by John Hepburn, who became eventually the first Colonel of what is now the Royal Scots. Gray's regiment was engaged in 1620 as bodyguard to the King of Bohemia, but after the loss of the Battle of Prague in 1621, when the King fled to Holland, the regiment retreated to the Palatinate, and did some fighting in Alsace and Germany. After the Princes of the Union had made their peace with the Emperor, Gray's regiment retreated through Alsace and Lorraine along the borders of France to the Netherlands, where it was engaged with a Spanish force near Fleurus, Aug. 13, 1622, on which occasion Sir James Ramsey and Captains Hepburn and Hume evinced signal gallantry. The regiment then proceeded to Holland, and was disbanded, Captain Hepburn taking his company to serve Gustavus Adolphus. In 1625, John Hepburn was appointed Colonel of the Scots Regiment, which took part in many engagements, notably the defence of Stralsund, and obliged Wallenstein to raise the siege, although he had sworn "to take Stralsund, even were it bound by chains to the heavens." After the death of Gustavus Adolphus, the regiment still followed the fortunes of the Swedish troops under Marshal Horn and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. The disastrous Battle of Nordlingen laid the Protestant cause very low, when the King of France came to the rescue. John Hepburn, who had in the meantime been knighted for his services to the Protestant religion, appears again in the French service, and collected the remains of the Scottish Guards of France and the Scottish Regiment in the Swedish service as one corps, under his own command. Their first victory was Metz, their second Saverne, in which action John Hepburn was killed; the command went to Lieut.-Colonel James Hepburn, who had served all his time in the Swedish Scots Regiment. He, too, was killed in

Alsace, and Lord James Douglas was given command, after which the regiment was styled "Le Régiment de Douglas."

For several years the regiment followed the fortunes of the great Condé against the Spaniards in many actions, notably, Gravelines, 1644, and Dunkirk, 1646. Lord James Douglas was killed in 1655, and succeeded by his brother, Lord George Douglas, afterwards Earl of Dumbarton. The regiment, however, still retained its title of the "Douglas Regiment." After the Peace of the Pyrenees between France and Spain, the strength of the French Army was decreased, and the "Douglas Regiment" went for the first time to England at the Restoration in 1661, and took rank in the British Army, but was sent back again to France in 1662. When the war between England and Holland broke out in 1665, Louis XIV. took part with the Dutch, so the "Douglas Regiment" was again ordered to quit the French service, and accordingly landed at Raye on Jan. 12, 1666, eight hundred strong. Almost immediately the regiment was sent to Ireland, owing to the Roman Catholic troubles. After the Peace of Breda, 1668, it again returned to France, and, according to an order of Louis XIV., was ranked one of the first regiments of France.

In 1672, France and the States-General of Holland were at war. Charles II. of England also declared war against the Dutch, and the Duke of Monmouth, with a British force, was despatched to France to co-operate with the Army of Louis XIV. The "Douglas Regiment" belonged to the division of Marshal Turenne, and assisted at the capture of Grave (1672), Maestricht (1673), and finally got far afield in the skirmishes about Heidelberg and Molsheim. In 1675 they assisted at the defence of Treves, and visited Saverne again in 1676.

The successes of the French Army made King Charles II. aware of the fact that Louis XIV. was allowing his unbridled ambition to carry him farther than the "European equilibrium"—a politic phrase invented at that period—rendered expedient. So he broke off connection with France, and ordered such British regiments as were serving in France at the time to return to England. Lord Dumbarton's Regiment consequently returned to England in 1678, this time to serve the interests of Great Britain for good and all.

In 1684 they were confirmed in their title of "The Royal Regiment of Foot," and the next year finds them suppressing the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, capturing his banner, with the motto "Fear none but God," at Sedgemoor in 1685.

A sad time followed not long after for the regiment. True to their allegiance to the House of Stuart, they held out against William of Orange as long as possible. However, matters were eventually smoothed over, and the canny Scots saw that what had happened had happened for the best, so the regiment, though at one time inclined to mutiny against the new order of things, was pardoned by the new King and reinstated to their former rank in the British Army.

In 1690 we find them again engaged in Holland, fighting at Steenkirk in 1692, Landay in 1693, and Namur in 1695. After a few years' well-deserved rest, the year 1701 was the beginning of a new campaign, full of well-earned laurels reaped at Keyserwerth, Nijmegen, Venloo, 1702, Schellenberg and Blenheim in 1704, Ramillies in 1706, Oudenarde in 1708, Tournay and Malplaquet in 1709, and, finally, Bouchain in 1711.

On returning to England in 1714, they had a rest from their labours, the regiment having in the meantime been formed into two battalions. In 1743 the 1st Battalion fought at Fontenoy; in 1746 the 2nd Battalion fought at Falkirk and Culloden. In 1751 the facings of the regiment were ordered to be blue instead of white, as they had been for one hundred years; the colours were to bear in the centre the King's Cypher within the Circle of St. Andrew, with the Crown over it. Next we find the 2nd Battalion at Louisburg in 1758, fighting at Ticonderago and Crown Point in 1759, at Montreal in 1760, and in the West Indies from 1760 to 1780, being afterwards relieved by the 1st Battalion. In 1793 the Royal Scots are defending Toulon; in 1799 again in Flanders, fighting at Egmont-op-Zee; in 1801, under Abercromby at Aboukir, Alexandria, and Cairo.

In 1804 the severe strain caused by Napoleon's ambitious campaign called two additional battalions into existence. While the 1st battalion is capturing Guadaloupe, the 3rd battalion is fighting at Busaco in 1810, Fuentes d'Onor and Ciudad Rodrigo, 1811. In 1812, the regiment was styled "First Regiment of Foot, or Royal Scots."

In 1813 we find the four battalions of the Royal Scots fighting hard in three different quarters of the globe; the 1st Battalion enduring the hardships of Canadian campaigning, the 2nd subduing the warlike Pindarees, the 3rd having fought in every action from Badajoz to Nivelles, and the 4th landed in Swedish Pomerania under a Swedish commandant, almost under the same conditions as two hundred years before the kernel of their regiment had fought in the same country and under the Swedish flag against an equally fatal fetish—in one case, the dying superstitions of an anomalous Roman Empire; in the other, a broken militarism that for a while had held the Continent of Europe spellbound.

It was the good fortune of the 3rd Battalion to add the glorious name of "Waterloo" to the list of honours of one of England's grandest regiments. "Nagpore," "Maheidpore," "Ava," tell of struggles against savage tribes and deadly climate. "Alma," "Inkerman," and "Sebastopol" speak for themselves; and "Taku Forts" and "Pekin" bear witness of Britain's proud ensign gathering oppressed humanity under its protection. Now, that ensign, again supported by the Scots, advances to help those that have called to us from the depths of a state of political degradation in a strange land almost inconceivable in these days of individual liberty. Britain's enemies may read on the ensigns of the "Royal Scots" the warning, "Nemo me impune lacessit."

GRANVILLE BAKER.

“A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM.”

Certainly Mr. Beerbohm Tree has given to us the most perfect glimpse of fairydom ever presented on the English stage, and therefore, one may add, on any stage, since, even if they be right who say we cannot write plays, and doubt whether we are able to act them, the fact that we can mount them better than anyone else in the world is indisputable. In Mr. Benson’s charming production of “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” at the Globe, we were all delighted with the fairy scenes, but the art of everyone connected with mounting of plays has greatly advanced since then. Direct comparison with Mr. Daly’s more recent effort but increases our admiration for Mr. Tree and the band of artists who have worked with him. It is noteworthy that in a large measure the charm of the effect was due to the avoidance of the full-grown fairy. One half regretted the splendid figure of Miss Neilson and the stature of the graceful Mrs. Tree, giants among what the country folk in some parts call “the little people,” since they appeared somewhat to destroy the illusion, yet not entirely. With Mendelssohn’s exquisite music, with the lovely pictures of Mr. Hann and Mr. Hawes Craven, and the troop of little ones in pretty costumes designed by Mr. Percy Anderson and manœuvred with remarkable skill, our eyes had real delight. What a pity that the Puck was out of the picture! Who can help thinking of poor Miss Norreys, most perfect of Pucks conceivable, and thinking

has to deal with Bottom and his crew, whose simple humours, however the parts be played, have been rubbed in upon us so many thousand times that Shakspere’s scenes have been almost killed by their offspring. Mr. Tree’s Bottom is quaint and novel, and very funny in its caricature of the vain-glorious amateur. Perhaps Mr. McLeay’s Quince is a little too dry, if ingenious. Mr. E. M. Robson’s business as the Lion is effective, and Mr. Calvert was comical. Putting it altogether, and mindful even of some defects, I must admit and assert that the presentation at Her Majesty’s is a truly royal revival of the most admired fairy-play ever written by mortal man.

“SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.”

The lovers of Old English Comedy should flock to the Haymarket, for the Harrison-Maude production of “She Stoops to Conquer” is really capital. The oldest playgoer had never seen Goldsmith’s famous piece go with such a roar and rattle—indeed, one of them told me so—and this is the more agreeable as it is rather the result of good all-round work than brilliant individual performance. Every part received hearty applause, from the almost speechless Diggory, capitally presented by Mr. Valentine, to the finely studied and richly executed Hardecastle of Mr. Cyril Maude; every scene enjoyed favour, from the boisterous



“A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM,” AT HER MAJESTY’S THEATRE.

with a sigh of sorrow that now her mind dwells in a perpetual fairyland, although her body is on this earth. By now, the scenes have been fully described, and the world knows of the dainty ballet in which the fairies drive away the gnomes and goblins and other creatures of darkness who have ventured to invade the fairy ring—though, by the way, as far as I recollect, there was no fairy ring in either scene. And everyone knows, too, how the last fairy-scene ended in blackness to match the beginning of the first—a quaint and effective idea. Probably it was the apparent spontaneity of the little fairies that delighted people more than even the other features.

However, I must come away from fairyland, and say something about the play and the playing. Perhaps, when one comes to the mortals, enthusiasm is not quite so easy as with the superb Oberon and charming Titania and their subjects. I doubt whether anybody upon his oath, or, at least, many people upon their oaths, would assert that they are very much interested in the love-story of the pair of lovers; it requires quite a mental effort at any given moment to know “who’s which” of them, or, to be accurate, which is faithful or faithless to whom. Miss Sarah Brooke certainly surprised people by her passion in the part of Hermia, and Miss Dorothea Baird made a delightful Helena; some people say her elocution was monotonous, though, as a matter of fact, she was a little to be blamed for over-emphasis of the rhymes. The Demetrius of Mr. Gerald Lawrence was dignified, but poor Mr. Waller, the Lysander, had such a cold that he might well have given a chance to his understudy. So much for the quartet of lovers. Theseus in Mr. Mollison had a man well capable of dealing with the beautiful lines, and the Hippolyta of Miss Miriam Clements was a great pleasure to the eye. Lastly, one

revelling at the Three Jolly Pigeons to the strange love-passages between the priggish Young Marlow and the sentimental little baggage of a sham barmaid. No doubt the love scenes will go better when Mr. Paul Arthur is more at home in his part, and plays with a lighter hand and surer tongue. Perhaps people who worry themselves about modern English drama may utter a groan at the thought of the big theatres being given up to revivals; but, fortunately for the popular managers of the Haymarket Theatre, the average British playgoer adopts a Gallic attitude towards such matters, and takes his pleasure when he finds it, with little heed to the morrow and prodigious respect for the past.

Possibly the most popular performance was that of Mr. George Giddens in the part of the boisterous Tony. “What energy! what confidence! what joy in his work!” one felt tempted to say, and “what high spirits and skill!” There was none of the under-acting in his Lumpkin at which the critics rail. If there was a fault in the delightful Kate Hardecastle of Miss Winifred Emery, it lay in the direction of under-acting: she hardly stooped low enough to conquer in the love-scenes; the suggestion that the daring girl would not be sufficiently clever to suggest the “ungenteelishness” of a barmaid is too subtle for the style of play, and is met by the fact that she is supposed to have deceived such a connoisseur in barmaids as the “agreeable Rattle.” The experiment of not treating Constance as an ingénue part was successful, and Miss Beatrice Ferrar won hearty applause, yet I must hint that there was rather too much of the “knockabout” on both sides in her scenes with Tony. One must not pass over the excellent Hastings of Mr. Graham Browne, or forget Miss Victor, who, as Mrs. Hardcastle, played with immense energy and caused roars of laughter. E. F. S.

THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

In *The Sketch* of Jan. 3 appeared early illustrations of the magnificent new building in Cranbourn Street, known as the London Hippodrome, which was opened last Monday evening to the public. The building is not only architecturally and decoratively one of the handsomest places of amusement in London, but its mechanical appliances altogether may

The Triumvirate "The Sketch" has the pleasure of portraying control not only the new Hippodrome, but also a host of places of amusement out of London.



MR. H. E. MOSS.
From a Photo.



MR. OSWALD STOLL.
Photo by Fréke, Cardiff.



MR. RICHARD THORNTON.
Photo by Lyd Sawyer.

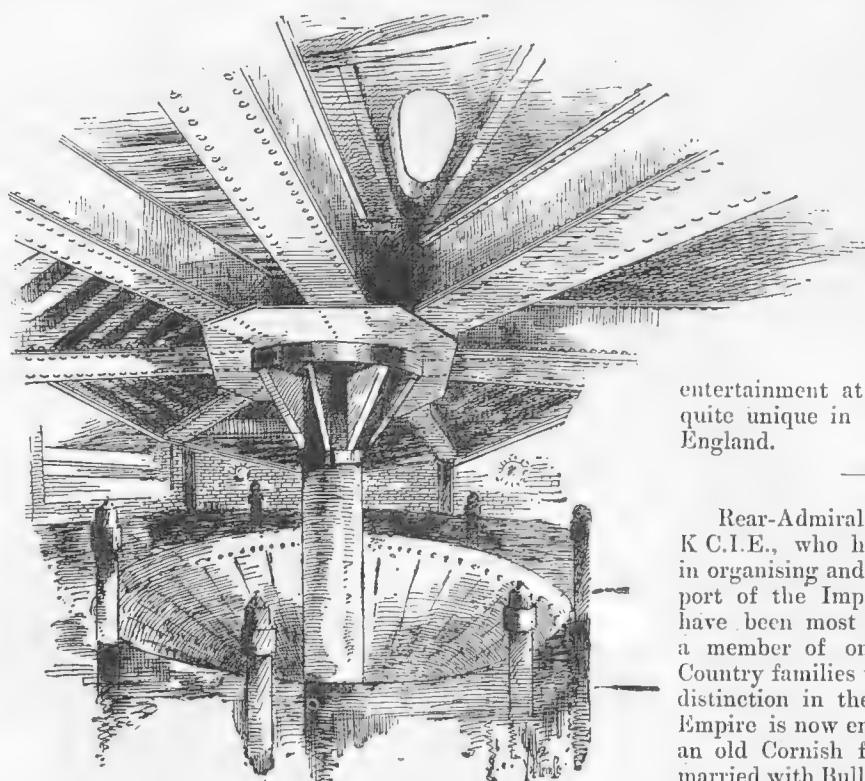
be classed as the most wonderful to be found anywhere within the Metropolis, while its programme introduces dramatic sketches and other items, in the way of horsemanship, performing animals, and zoological exhibitions, not to be matched in any previous show of a like nature.

But first a word as to the mechanical appliances of the stage. This can be raised *en bloc* three feet from its normal position, or lowered four feet, by a powerful hydraulic ram quite capable of supporting an ironclad, while it can be tilted up from a horizontal position so as to effect a very decided rake, by means of another ram. When sunk to its lowest level, the stage becomes continuous with the arena. This arena, again, may be made to sink, when it is so desired, fully eight feet, thus providing a receptacle capable of holding 100,000 gallons of water (equal to 400 tons in weight), in which aquatic sports may be exhibited. The arena is of the usual dimensions—that is, forty-two feet diameter—and, by a hydraulic apparatus, a continuous steel railing, twelve feet high, can be raised in the course of a couple of minutes to enclose the arena, when wild beasts are about to be introduced into the ring. During the time that these changes are being made, the audience is entertained by eight fountains, which raise jets to a great height, and these, illuminated with various coloured limelights, send their sparkling waters towards the roof, while thousands of tiny jets, issuing from a pipe running round the edge of the arena, assist in producing a *mise-en-scène* of marvellous beauty.

It is a fact of a most reassuring nature to know that the whole of the exhibitions in the ring are under the superintendence, as Equestrian Director, of Mr. Hugo Herzog, a gentleman the story of whose career makes a brilliant page in the history of equestrian performances, while the proprietor of the horses is no other than Mr. Lavater Lee, who is so well known on the Continent, but a stranger as yet to London. His stud of horses is not a large one, but all are picked animals, while every one of the artists is of exceptional ability.

The following are some of the feats you may witness at the London Hippodrome. I take them as they occur to me. Miss Lea, who makes her first appearance in London, performs the most difficult feats on horseback, dressed in a ball-dress, with the greatest sang-froid. Equally clever is Miss Godlewski, who rides a horse bare-backed. Presently Leonidas, an amusing Greek, brings on one of his cats—for he has two, Nellie and Margaret, an afternoon-show and an evening-show cat. I saw Nellie, which climbed up a rope to a parachute fixed fully thirty feet high. Then, at the discharge of a pistol, the parachute is released, and, expanding widely, it safely deposits pussy on *terra firma* none the worse for her aerial journey. The same trainer then exhibits

his pyramid of dogs. On the back of a huge Dane, forming the base, a smaller dog takes his place, then on his back again another one mounts, and so on, until, on the top of all, a tiny dog, holding a basket in his mouth, crowns the summit. It is a novel and most droll exhibition. Leonidas has as many as thirty-two dogs. What a chance for the tax-gatherer! By the way, I have forgotten a wonderful juggler, who performs very clever tricks, all the while standing on a trotting steed. He shows marvellous balance. Of course, no circus would be



HYDRAULIC MACHINERY FOR ELEVATING AND LOWERING THE ARENA.

Rev. John Hawkins Hext, migrated from Cornwall to Devon, and was for many years the Vicar of the little village of Kingsteignton, with its fine old church and delightfully picturesque thatched vicarage, in which nearly all the sitting-rooms are either oval or octagonal. Sir John's father was a fine specimen of an Englishman, and a one-time famous University oarsman.

Rear-Admiral Sir John Hext, K.C.I.E., who has offered his services in organising and carrying out the transport of the Imperial Yeomanry, which have been most gratefully accepted, is a member of one of the many West Country families whose sons are winning distinction in the struggle in which the Empire is now engaged. The Hexts are an old Cornish family who have intermarried with Bullers, Tremaynes, Kitsons, and other well-known West Country houses, and Sir John is related to several of the distinguished officers now at the Seat of War. His father, the late

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 17, 5.21; Thursday, 5.23; Friday, 5.25; Saturday, 5.26; Sunday, 5.28; Monday, 5.30; Tuesday, 5.31.

The latest fad amongst cyclists is to keep a register of all the hotels with strange names passed or visited. Personally, I don't regard the search as a very exciting one; but, still, strange names may occasionally be discovered. Generally speaking, however, there is a monotonous repetition in the names of inns. It has been found that out of every hundred inns in England, eighteen are "White Harts," ten "King's Arms," and eight "Crowns." The fad is one that will soon exhaust itself, and is very much on a par with one that was very prevalent in the East a couple of years ago of collecting match-box labels.

A letter has reached me complaining of my remark made a fortnight ago that the testimonial to Mr. Shipton, Secretary to the Cyclists' Touring Club, had fallen through. I was referred to the *C.T.C. Gazette* to see that there had been over a thousand subscribers! Well, I knew about those subscribers; but, under the circumstances, I thought it advisable to ignore them for the Club's sake. This Club has 60,000 members, chiefly composed of well-to-do riders to whom half-a-crown is as nothing. Yet, after months of touting for subscriptions towards a testimonial for the man who has for years managed the affairs of the Club, only a beggarly one in every sixty has shown any interest. All this just proves what an apathetic lot the average members of the C.T.C. are. A testimonial subscribed to by such a very few cannot give much satisfaction to the recipient.

The National Cyclists' Union, which has recently fallen into deserved disrespect, is now putting forth efforts to retrieve its reputation. One of the things it is striving after is to get uniform hotel rates for cyclists throughout the country. The idea is good, but not at all workable. Accommodation and prices vary in different parts, and it is absurd to expect that what is charged at a good hotel in the country will be the same charge at, say, a hotel in Brighton. Money that will give you excellent accommodation in one place will only provide very poor accommodation in another. The plan of the Cyclists' Touring Club, that hotels accredited by them should make a reduction of three-halfpence in the shilling from their ordinary charge to members of the Club is much better. By this means, the cyclist can stay at hotels of about equal excellence. Hotel charges, however, need to be overhauled, for we are all aware that, last year, there were many cases where the "reduced" rates to members of the C.T.C. were in excess of those charged to the ordinary public. I know of three persons who went a little tour out of the summer months. At one hotel, when the bill was presented, they showed their C.T.C. badges and asked for the usual reduction. "Oh!" said the landlord, "the reduction is from the summer and not from the winter rates"; so the bill under the C.T.C. rates was bigger than if my acquaintances had not put forth their membership. I must say, however, the landlord was good-natured over it, and the cyclists paid winter rates as members of the public, and not summer rates as members of the C.T.C.

The simple question of coming to a decision regarding danger-boards and signals at the top of steep hills seems, alas, no nearer settlement than a year ago. The danger-boards one comes across on country rides are generally treated with contempt by the rider, and their chief use seems to be to act as a target at which small boys may throw stones. Boards are, of course, excellent, and have probably saved many a neck, but they have been recklessly and extravagantly put up at the top of gentle inclines, causing many a good rider to steady his pace, and then, finding there was hardly a hill at all, to be disgusted. All along I have urged the use of arrows, being fastened to the existing posts, so slanted that, at a glance, the cyclist may see whether the dip in the hill is steep or gentle. This arrow would have the advantage of being seen in the dusk, when a board escapes notice, and therefore, if adopted by general consent all over Europe, it would soon be regarded as a sort of international institution, and would save trouble to tourists who do not speak the language of the country in which they are riding. For a whole year I have pressed the adoption of these arrows to those who look after the danger-posts, but, I must admit, as yet unsuccessfully.

The Belgian Touring Club, however, are adopting this plan, and the number of turns in the road is shown by transverse bars on the shaft of the arrow. Public opinion is more easily educated than action taken by the people who, were they not split by petty differences, could come to a decision right away. I am glad to see that the Tourist Editor of *Cycling* has begun to recognise the advantages of arrows to show the approximate gradient. In a recent number of his paper, he says, "I would certainly advocate their adoption in this country, as being more easily grasped than lettering. A further advantage would be that, if they were adopted in all countries, they would be understood by tourists ignorant of the language, and we should hear no more of those arguments as to the meaning of the words on French notice-boards that have amused the two last General Meetings of the C.T.C." So we can live in hopes of that Club finding wisdom before long.

There was a paragraph in one of the papers the other day saying it was probable the Chancellor of the Exchequer would propose a taxation on bicycles, in order to help pay for the war. Of course, the statement is, as yet, surmise, though it is within the bounds of possibility. An Imperial tax bringing registration with it would be better than neither taxation nor registration. But what I think we cyclists would like much better would be to have a tax applied by the local authorities, so that

clubs and cyclists in a district might have somebody to kick if the roads in their particular neighbourhood were not kept in proper condition. It is very interesting to see the way opinions of cyclists have changed on these matters of registration and taxation. Instead of regarding them as an injustice, the general opinion now is that they will be an advantage. A year ago I was the only journalist writing on cycling who advocated these two things. Now there are papers in different parts of the country urging taxation and registration, and local authorities are passing resolutions in favour of their adoption.

Cycling Volunteers are urging the War Office to give them a chance of going to "the front" and taking part in the war. The War Office, however, doesn't evince any very strong disposition to avail themselves of the cyclists' services. The wicked Boers, I see, have imported trained dogs from Germany, who will attack cyclists and pull them off their machines should any of them take part in the fighting!

The word has gone forth that the proper cycling-dress for ladies to wear should be of khaki. The desire is patriotic enough, and the tint may suit some complexions, but khaki is the last material on earth to wear in a clammy climate like our own. I myself wore a khaki suit for two or three months, but that was when cycling in India. Although khaki is light and thin and does not show the dust, I cannot say I was very enthusiastic about it. Khaki-coloured clothes, even when made of wool, are not pretty, and, although the ingenuity of a ladies' tailor might make the attire of lady cyclists attractive, I would suggest they wait till the summer months come along.

One of the last uses to which a cycle has been put is that of being an adjunct to a Detective Agency. One of the biggest agencies in London employs a number of lady cyclists, whose duties are, I suppose, to track unsuspecting victims who also ride the wheel.

The decadence of local cycling clubs is certainly a thing to be regretted. I have referred to this matter before, suggesting something might be done if the clubs in a district combined and got possession of a good clubhouse, running it on pretty much the same lines as a political club. The "Speed Boys" are, to some extent, the cause of members not fully enjoying their club. The best people belonging to a club, and those who have the most social influence and do the most to keep it thoroughly alive, are not by any means always the swiftest riders. At a club run, however, they find that the swift men usually set the pace, and that pace is not always agreeable to the ordinary rider. They become bored and a little disgusted, and so forsake the club, preferring to jaunt along by themselves or with a friend or two.—J. F. F.

THE LATE JOHN FOSTER VESEY FITZGERALD.

The Hon. John Foster Vesey Fitzgerald, who died at No. 3, Philbeach Gardens on Jan. 3, was the second son of the Hon. John Leslie Foster, by his marriage with the Hon. Letitia Vesey Fitzgerald. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, took honours, and read for the Bar, but his thoughts turned towards Australia, and in 1847 he represented the District of Port Phillip in the Sydney Parliament. In 1853 he was appointed Colonial Secretary of Victoria, and was for some time Acting Governor. He gave his attention to inaugurating railways and to introducing telegraphy. He drew up the Constitution of that Colony, which has been eminently successful, and advocated the system of loans for conducting public works. His contributions to literature were chiefly on political subjects, in which he took a lively interest. Among



HON. JOHN FOSTER VESEY FITZGERALD.

Photo by Dickinson, New Bond Street.

the numerous deaths of the present mournful season, that of the Hon. John Fitzgerald is not one of the least regretted.

There are few composers who have more accurately gauged the musical tastes of the English People (with a capital "P") than Mr. Leslie Stuart. For some years past, he has contributed, in the form of "coon" songs and martial marches, melodies which have wormed themselves into the very heart of the nation. It required, therefore, no great gift of prophecy to foretell that, in writing musical comedy, this clever songwriter, who has now risen to the dignity of an operatic composer, would produce the most charming airs, but one was not prepared to find him such a master of concerted and orchestration work. In this department he has displayed considerable care, with the most satisfactory results, while all his songs, whether duets or solos, possess a delightful rhythm and a fascinating piquancy which set our fingers thrumming and our feet beating time. Throughout the opera of "Florodora" there is not a number which is not always bright and taking. A facsimile sheet of music from Mr. Leslie Stuart's pen will be found on page 521.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The entries for the Spring Handicaps are a level lot, and I think owners will be able to back their horses if they want to, but I am afraid the interest in the sport will be very small if the war continues. Our handicappers are now busily engaged sizing up the form, and they can be relied upon to give us some perfect puzzles. Mr. Mainwaring has



THE LATE MR. HERBERT RYMILL.
Photo by Lombardi and Co., Sloane Street, S.W.

only one eye, but he is able to see all that is going on in the races, and he is a perfect analyst. Mr. Ord, who makes so many handicaps for the North of England meetings, is a perfect type of the country gentleman. In addition, he is a fine judge of form in racing, and he has been highly successful up to now with his handicapping. Mr. Tayleur, Mr. Verrall, Mr. Dawkins, and Mr. R. I'Anson are all capable men who do their work thoroughly, and endeavour to give satisfaction to owners, trainers, and the sporting public generally. They often succeed in providing excellent sport, and, what is more, they generally have the satisfaction of seeing the public "thrown-in certainty" badly beaten at the finish.

It is no surprise to hear that, owing to the war, the Grand Military Meeting which was to have been held at Sandown Park has been abandoned. By-the-bye, it is possible to gauge what a ten-guinea member of the Sandown Club could get for his money in 1900. Altogether, eighteen days' racing takes place on the Esher enclosure during the year, and he can take two ladies to each meeting. In addition, he is allowed to take any number of ladies with him, provided he pays ten shillings per day each for them for admission to the Club Enclosure. I should, however, add that each member is called upon to pay a five-guinea entrance-fee, and, in consequence of the number of candidates awaiting admission, the five-guinea per annum list is suspended. Among the members of the Committee of Selection are the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Montrose, Lord Alington, Lord Dudley, Lord Ellesmere, Prince Soltykoff, Mr. H. Chaplin, M.P., Lord Zetland, and Lord Londonderry. It should be a difficult matter for any member of the shoddy division to become a member of the Sandown Club.

A few of our big owners and bookmakers affect the motor-car, but I think the bicycle would suit their complaint a great deal better. A large minority of men who go racing suffer from the want of violent exercise, and many of them, in consequence, have periodical attacks of gout. A daily ride of ten or fifteen miles on a bicycle would prevent this, and I am certain that Mr. Dick Dunn, for instance, would benefit greatly from a daily spin on a strongly built bicycle. I am, in this matter, only preaching what I practise, and I feel that the sovereign remedy cannot be made too widely known among those people who are given to stoutness. It is gratifying to find so many journalists taking

kindly to the "bike" as an antidote to their sedentary occupations, but it will surprise most people to hear that, apart from riding in cabs and railway-carriages, the average bookmaker takes no exercise whatever, if we except what he gets when walking round a billiard-table.

I claim to have been among the first to agitate for tea-rooms and bands on our racecourses, and although we had to wait some time for these innovations, they both came at last, and real boons they have proved to be. I now have one more suggestion to make, which refreshment contractors on our racecourses would do well to consider. It is this: Let the public be given the chance to get a plate of soup with bread, at the cost of a shilling, during the winter months. Many dwellers in town who breakfast late do not feel disposed to go in for a heavy lunch directly they arrive on the course, but they would not object to a plate of soup. I feel sure, if my idea were put into practice, the contractors would find it pay them in the long run.

If the war in South Africa is over soon, we shall have a very good Ascot this year, although there must, of necessity, be many absentees, owing to several of the big families having to wear mourning. The entries for the meeting are really good, but I am afraid the race for the Gold Cup will freeze up as usual, as Flying Fox, fit and well, would be nothing short of a paper certainty. And this reminds me that a correspondent who professes to know informs me that the new Duke of Westminster is not likely to run any racehorses. He adds, "You will find the horses at present under the charge of John Porter will be run by the Duchess." The latter statement may be perfectly true, but I am informed that the new Duke will most certainly keep a large stud of racehorses, and he is likely to prove to be one of the best patrons the Turf has had for a very long time.

I have received several parcels of old briars from kind readers of this column, for which I beg to thank them, and I must specially thank Mr. Arthur Fawcett, of 19, Bolton Road, Eastbourne, for his contribution of a dozen and a-half useful pipes. Owing to the kindness of our many friends, we have now got all the old briars we require, and I am sure the soldiers who receive them will fully appreciate the efforts made on their behalf. May they one and all live to return and tell us how "returns" tasted when smoked in an old briar in South Africa!

There is a slump in sporting literature at the present time, and things are not likely to mend as long as the war lasts. The majority of readers want the latest from "the front" in preference to the latest from the course, while I notice with pleasure that the great majority of true sportsmen prefer to let racing have a rest for a time while they volunteer to go to "the front."

CAPTAIN COE.



LIEUTENANT SIR J. P. MILBANKE, WOUNDED AT RENSBURG.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

That the purses of the Eternal Feminine have been depleted to a damaging extent during these latter weeks of Temptation and semi-tertial sales is a foregone conclusion. That they have also poured forth



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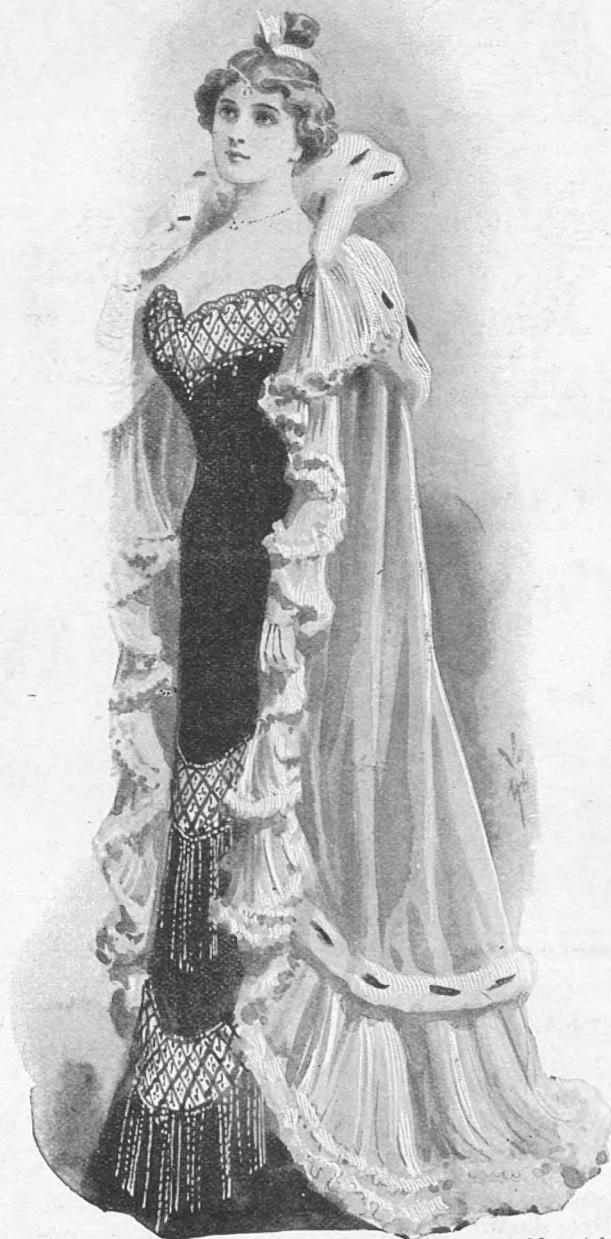
A CHARMING BUT SIMPLE EVENING-GOWN.

good coin of the realm for much tawdry and *démodé* and partly demolished finery is equally a regrettable fact. Model gowns, with the bloom of youth as decidedly off as any indefinitely deferred maid who has wintered and weathered her ten seasons; hats with the forlorn and left-behind air of having been weighed in many balances, or rather, tried on many heads, and foun' wanting; dress-lengths of several yards too long, blouse remnants of just the psychological half-yard too short; alluring morsels of veil-nets that will not meet behind the smallest effort of millinery ever stitched together; weird sizes in marked-down gloves that would take either the infinitesimal digits of a Lilliputian or the generous fingers of a Dutch Frau or a Brobdingnagian wife to match their bloated proportions—and so on *ad infinitum* through the whole gamut of marked-down numbers in which the bargain-loving constitution of this sex delighteth. I have often wondered, by the way, why it happens that shops purveying necessities of the mere male do not indulge in "cheap sales," but suppose it is explained by the more liberal distribution of common sense amongst the stronger sex. For, after all, the comical aspect of the cheapened smoking-jacket or the "sacrificed" linen collar would be too obvious, and the tradesman who retailed them would plainly not stand well with his patrons. On the other hand, the number and intricacy of details which go to make up a definitely smart woman's wardrobe nowadays certainly give a greater variety of subjects and objects for the cheapening process; and we should, no doubt, sadly miss that half-yearly saturnalia, those raging conflicts of silk and stuff and chiffons which enliven the

after-season torpor of January and July, so that, if an apologia be needed for our wholesale annexation of so-called unnecessaries, we, after all, can find many pegs on which to hang our arguments and refutations.

Black is, alas, the only wear of so many bereaved families this winter that gay colours are palpably at a discount, and, beyond doubt, before this deplorably managed war is over many more will be left to sorrow for their gone and gallant dead. At the best, we must count on loss and severe conflict, but, now that our foremost Generals are at last on the spot, it may at least be concluded that such blunders as caused the decimation of our regiments at Magersfontein will not be repeated.

Reverting to our inevitable chiffons, one finds that all the big mode-makers are chiefly employed, when not on mourning orders, in making gowns for those who, like the swallows, are once more flying South. Few, indeed, of those who remain at home seem inclined to indulge in overmuch finery, and, between the overmastering cause in South Africa and the lesser one due to Gallic ill-manners, dressmakers are having but a parlous time. Furriers, too, are raising lamentations over a particularly mild winter, with the result that all sorts and kinds of furs are being sold at greatly reduced prices. This may not at first be realised, but the fact exists. If a sable muff or collar is marked down, for instance, from ten to eight guineas, or from twenty to seventeen, its cheapness may not fly at our eyes, yet its change of price may represent the tradesman's profit. Jewellers, too, are deplored the absence of the golden youth who have got into khaki far afield, present-giving having gone far below its usual generous



[Copyright.]

A HANDSOME EVENING-CLOAK.

statistics this Christmas and New Year; while not alone trades, but the learned professions to boot, are, curiously enough, affected by this strange conflict which has drawn the very flower of England and her Colonies into the far-off theatre of war.

Some correspondents ask me to forecast the middle-distant future and confide to their anxious care the secrets of next Season's modes. Not being amongst the sartorial immortals, this I am unable to do; but the advice which may be always safely given to those in such doubt is, "Order yourself a dress in Paris, where all the best mode-makers are at least six months in advance of our adoptions over here."

Failing such enviable if extravagant procedure, the latest idea is the pleated skirt, an excellent example of which was rendered by our well-informed artist in last week's issue. The moulded skirt is still preserved in this adaptation of fashion's latest departure, but by shortening the pleats upward from the front and adding a box-pleat at the back a much more graceful effect is obtained than that which has prevailed up to its introduction.

Those with a care for daintily shod feet, now more than ever a matter of importance in this epoch of held-up skirts, should avail themselves



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A NEW STYLE OF WALKING-COSTUME.

of the opportunities offered by the American Shoe Company, at 169, Regent Street, where the smartest possible coverings for our pedal extremities are being sold off at the smallest possible prices. The sale is especially attractive and interesting, inasmuch as that immediately following it—that is, from the end of January—an increased price will be put on all shoes and bottines, owing to the scarcity and increased price of leather. It is even said that fine kid shoes and gloves will have by next year arrived at "famine prices," so the obvious moral is to gather ye souliers while ye may at such very modest prices as the American Shoe Company during this month of January are asking. The large and handsome new show-rooms which have just been opened at 169, Regent Street, add materially to one's comfort, and dispose of all possibility of overcrowding.

Just across the road in Regent Street, and at Nos. 156 to 170, the several large shops over which the legend of "Robinson and Cleaver" runs are just now the scene of superlative activity on the part of eager buyers, more especially since the sale began. It is, indeed, very well worth one's while to overhaul linen-press and dower-chest at this present juncture, for not often do such occasions come the way as Robinson and Cleaver present us with at present. Real guipure and Cluny lace curtains, which have been marked down from their first

high estate; the daintiest and most cobwebby drawn-thread cambric and Limerick lace handkerchiefs; silk and moirettes skirts in the newest shapes; lace-trimmed under-petticoats of flannel or woven silk Nainsook; French batiste and exquisitely woven Irish linen under-clothing—are all on the list of going, going, gone; while in the supreme matter of household linen, embroidered bedspreads and table equipments generally, Robinson and Cleaver's sale may be summed up and set down as a veritable happy hunting-ground of the house-proud matrons of whom, all modern manners notwithstanding, this town and country may be still said to possess a few.

In natural sequence, one passes from the subject of dainty table-lingerie to dainty table-lighting, the gentle art of which never really attained its diploma of perfection until some inspired son of science invented the delightful "Cricklite" lamp. Clarke, of classic night-light fame, is the patentee and manufacturer of this pleasantest of all methods of lighting the dinner-table. Double-wick wax-lights which burn five hours each are enclosed in various ornamental standards of either Royal Worcester ware, cut-glass, or silver; other designs in bronze and ormolu are equally effective and decorative; while the soft light given by these shaded wax-lights is superior to electric, incandescent, or other method, be it what it may. It should be added that the cost of lighting and fittings is so moderate that no household, however modestly apportioned are its details, need be without this adjunct which counts for so much amongst its possible attractions; while for country-house hostesses, who wish to be in the movement a smartly illustrated catalogue has been brought out which sums up the unlimited vista of decorative effect producible from this widely welcomed novelty, the permanent headquarters of which are at 132, Regent Street.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. C. B. (Starcross).—Sorry your letter has been held over for reply, so many others to take in order of arrival. I fear you cannot use your aprons. Quite démodé. I did not even think such things could be purchased now. Give them to your parlour-maid, having first taken off the ribbons; or, if you have a clever dressmaker or maid, she might work them up into a muslin dress for summer wear. So sorry I cannot be more encouraging!

L. L. (Chatham).—I can recommend nothing better than "Captol" for the hair. It immediately stops the falling-out trouble and kills the microbe of baldness. If men knew of it, they need never develop those unpleasant shiny pates with which they are so frequently afflicted. It can be bought from the London agents, at 62, New Bond Street, which you will recognise as the dépôt of your favourite "Rhine Violet." The prices are 2s. 3d. and 3s. 9d. a bottle, postage 3d. extra. Two bottles of the larger size should quite cure you.

SYBIL.

A NEW GARMENT.*

It often happens that one reads a standard work in an ancient and yellow edition, or, going to the other extreme, in the up-to-date sixpenny form, with paper covers and close print. Neither of these conditions adds to one's enjoyment of the literary feast. There is a musty smell about those old editions that is apt to distract the reader's attention, and paper covers come off as easily as close print tires the eyes. It is, therefore, a pleasure to take up this new edition of "Peg Woffington," with its artistic cover, clear type, and good paper.

But that is not all that Mr. George Allen has to offer. The Introduction is a short history in itself, and Mr. Austin Dobson has succeeded admirably in the task that he set out to perform, namely, to supplement certain portions of Margaret Woffington's career only partially treated by the novelist, and to recapitulate the leading incidents of that career as they have been ascertained by her more recent biographers. For this purpose he has consulted many authorities on her life and history, amongst whom ought to be mentioned the late Augustin Daly, "whose sumptuous privately printed volume," Mr. Dobson tells us, "collects and embodies, with the patience of a specialist and the loyalty of an enthusiast, all the known circumstances of the actress's life."

It is impossible to give, in a short space, more than this vague idea of Mr. Austin Dobson's share of the work. That the reader of Charles Reade's first work will appreciate this admirable preface is quite certain, nor will he be slow to accord high praise to Mr. Hugh Thomson for his very clever illustrations. It only remains to congratulate Mr. George Allen on having sent out in such delightful form one of the literary masterpieces of the century.

A gift of two million dollars, or, in English money, £400,000, is what Professor Munyon has just made to the people of Philadelphia, in the United States. The Professor, whose London office has recently been removed from Shaftesbury Avenue to more commodious premises at Regent House, Regent Street, W., is known in the States as much for his large-hearted philanthropic work as for his famous business. He has for many years past been engaged upon the project which is just being realised. That scheme is the foundation of a college for girls, which shall be entirely non-sectarian and non-political, the only qualification being that the girl shall be American-born. It is a splendid idea, worthy of the man, and might well be imitated by other wealthy men.

* "Peg Woffington." By Charles Reade. With an Introduction by Austin Dobson, and Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. London: George Allen.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 24.

THE POSITION.

As we anticipated last week, the Bank Rate has come down to 5 per cent., and money is easier both in Paris and Berlin. Discounts are lower, and deposit rates have, of course, fallen with the official minimum; but all these things, which, in ordinary times, would have created a general improvement, now hardly produce any real impression, for what everybody is waiting for is some decisive news from South Africa in general and Natal in particular.

As we write, it looks very much as if important events were about to take place, and very likely before our readers can see these Notes the question of whether General Buller *can* relieve Ladysmith or not may be on the high-road to settlement. The effect of decisively favourable news would be electrical, and from stagnation we should pass to comparative activity, to which the ease of the Money Market would materially contribute.

The speculative account is very small, and everybody is waiting upon events; but, for all that, another Colenso would produce a very heavy fall, and to attempt to forecast prices is to prophesy as to the result of General Buller's operations, which we confess we do not feel competent to do. Our readers had better go away and consult their most capable military friends if they think it prudent to dabble in stocks and shares at this moment. The Press censorship is now so strict that very little gets through, and the air is charged with all sorts of rumours, the chief manufactory of which is the Stock Exchange, but, as very few people believe them, not much harm is done.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From the River Plate we hear that the crops are promising to turn out very well, both in the Argentine and Uruguay, and not only will the wool-clip be heavy, but prices are higher than they have been for a long time. The arrangement with Chili has enabled the Argentine Government to cease all wasteful expenditure in naval and military matters, and the outlook for the railway traffics appears very bright. For the twenty-seven weeks of the present financial year all the roads have shown an extraordinary expansive power, the Buenos Ayres Great Southern heading the list with a gross increase of £178,115; but, considering the price of the Ordinary stock, we look upon Central Argentine and Buenos Ayres and Pacific Ordinary stock as the pick of the basket for speculative purchase.

In Uruguay, President Cuestas continues his policy of "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," and both the 3 per cent. and the 5 per cent. Bonds appear, considering the interest they yield, to be excellent purchases for those of our readers who want a high return without undue risks.

Brazilian stocks have all had a jump, principally caused by Continental buying. The exchange has been rising, and there are stories of a new loan or fresh borrowing of some kind, but we doubt if much will come of it. Both Mexican and Chilian securities have remained very dull, with hardly a fractional change from day to day; but there has been some buying of Peruvian Debentures, the cause of which is not very apparent. We still think that better bargains can be picked up among the securities of some of the Mexican Railways than by purchasing the Government bonds at par, and that a prudent investor who makes judicious purchases in both Mexican and Argentine Railway securities which he can pay for will get a good return on his money and a great prospect of increased capital value.

CONSOLS AND LOCAL LOANS.

The disappointment over the new Local Loans issue last week was perhaps more felt in the Stock Exchange than outside it. Some of the old-fashioned money-brokers in the House were told by their Threadneedle Street friends that applications at the minimum, 97*1*/*2*, would get all the stock they wanted. Others, who boast no connection with the Bank, told their clients to apply at par, as anything under would be sure to fail. Both were wrong, as it turned out, the stock going at an average

of £99 11s. 11d., while tenders at £99 4s. received 10 per cent. Consols promptly dropped when the figures were announced.

The new Local Loans issue is timely, as it serves to attract people's notice to a stock which is, so far as safety goes, as good as Consols. In *The Sketch*, allusion has several times been made to the merits of the existing stock, which pays about 8s. per cent. more than Consols, and can be safely bought by the most scrupulous trustee. The Post Office Savings Bank allows its depositors to invest their money in Local Loans through the medium of the Government, but, with all its advantages over Goschens, the stock has never been a favourite. Why, it is difficult to tell. The stock can be sold, transferred, and paid for in a few hours, just the same as Consols, and the Banks hold large blocks of it. Yet, somehow or other, the market is a limited one, and to deal in a line of ten or twenty thousand stock entails five times as much trouble as the same amount of Consols. This is a pity, because Local Loans stock should stand 5 per cent. above Goschens, taking interest and redemption into account. The new issue of the former has, however, as we have already said, attracted people's notice to the stock, and dealings during the last week have been very free. Of course, the prestige of Consols is worth a good 2 per cent. to the stock; but, even then, there is a margin for Local Loans to advance, seeing that the price is now 100*3*/*4*, while Goschens stand at 99*3*/*4*.

THE HOME RAILWAY MARKET.

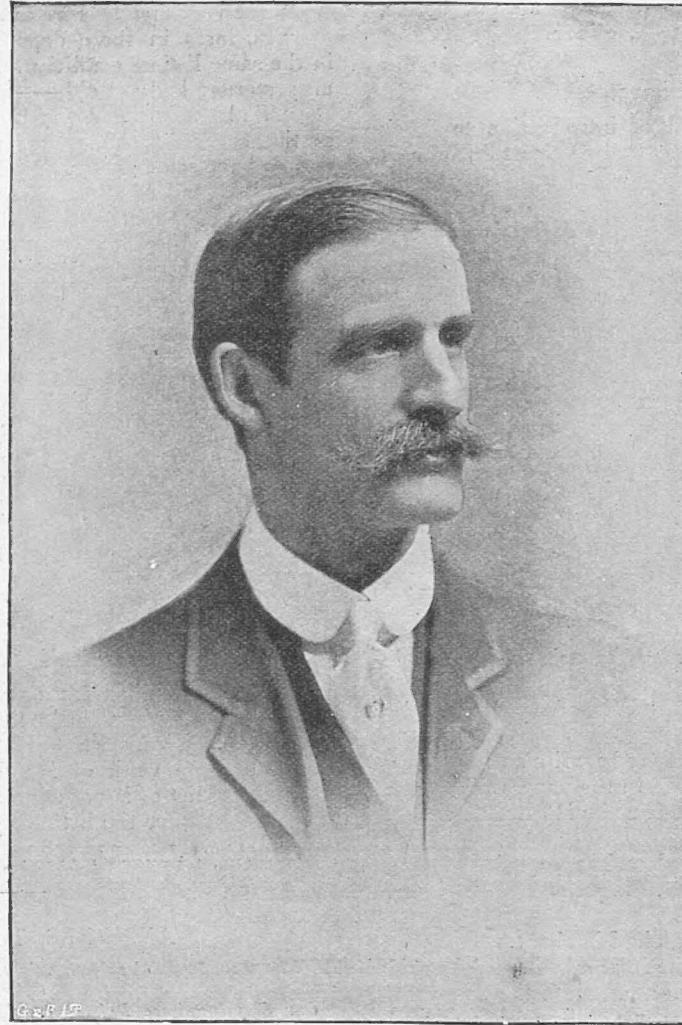
We have from time to time drawn attention to various stocks in the Home Railway Market which appeared worth buying on their merits. Within the last few weeks, however, a gradual change has come over the position of affairs, and we cannot help referring to it. The easier tendency of the Money Market during the last few days has induced some little buying of Home Railway stocks, and from several quarters the investor is being advised to turn his attention to this department. Before doing so, there are several considerations which he would be well to take into account that are not perhaps apparent at the moment, but which will certainly come into play within the next six months. Undoubtedly, prices of a good many Home Railway descriptions look cheap, as compared with the highest quotations ruling last year, and the final six months of 1899 saw a splendid series of traffic increases recorded by most of the leading companies. Even with this latter advantage, however, we are inclined to doubt whether the forthcoming dividend distributions will be much above those of the corresponding period last year, owing to the ever-rising capital and maintenance charges. In the current half-year the expenditure cannot possibly be less, and is very likely to rise considerably higher. The excessive price of coal is bound to tell heavily against the companies, and the very reason of its costliness—the calling out of the Reserves—is also causing the railway managers grave trouble by taking away many of their best

workmen, whose places have to be filled with inefficient men, who, of course, have to be paid almost as much as their predecessors, while the wives of the latter are also in receipt of part of the wages which the men had before going on active service. Nor is the condition of the Money Market by any means clear even yet, and the Chairman of the Union Bank, at the Company's meeting last Wednesday, remarked that there was nothing to warrant the assumption that money was going to be cheap for some time to come. Happily, the Board of Trade Returns show that the country's commerce is still brilliantly good, and, while this remains the case, the companies' traffics are not likely to suffer. But, by waiting a few months before buying Home Rails, it is quite probable that the investor will not suffer either.

WHY NOT WESTRALIANS?

The Kaffir Circus is not likely to come to the front as a favourite with the speculative public for many a weary month. No doubt it will have spasms of activity, but, seeing that some of the mines are being used as powder-magazines, and worse, by the Boers, and that no dividends can be expected for at least another year, the solid body of public buying necessary to produce lasting effects upon prices will not be in evidence for the best part of 1900, anyway. In circumstances such as these, many people with money to play with are asking, "Why not Westralians?"

In speaking about the Kangaroo Market, one is reminded of the story



MR. W. A. MORGAN, EDITOR OF "THE 'HOUSE' ON SPORT."

told by the Bishop of London about two little girls who were asked what "feathered fowl" were. One small lady answered, "Angels"; the other said, "Red Indians." The market bulls of Westralians paint the coming glories of their shares in purest white, and the bears are never tired of declaring that the country is already dangerous to white men, that the mines are becoming played out, or picked out, and that all the improved plant in the world will never be able to produce payable gold from such low-grade ore as is now being mined by some of the principal companies. The latter party have had distinctly the best of the game for some time now, and the railway strike, although it lasted only twenty-four hours, put another weapon into their hands. That the Lake View crushing for December was 275 oz. better than the previous month is passed over as a point not worthy of consideration, and the price of the shares is talked down to £5.

All things, however, come to an end, and one of these days the Westralian Market is bound to receive public support. Prices are low now, and may still further decline; but the buyer of such things as Great Boulders, Hannan's Brownhill, and others which have a good mine at the back of them, is sure to come out on top in the long run. Business now is reduced to the veriest nothingness, and the dealers have no choice but to let prices sag of their own weight, this being purely a case of necessity, as the starving monkey observed when he ate his own tail for dinner. We hear Hannan's Oroya well spoken of, and, among the higher-priced shares, Golden Horseshoe will probably be put better, although the latter are entirely controlled by a clique.

"THE 'HOUSE' ON SPORT."

Our portrait this week will need no word of introduction to Stock Exchange members. The editor of "The 'House' on Sport" is almost as well known in Capel Court as in his own Westralian Market. By his indefatigable efforts in the Cause of the Children, Mr. W. A. Morgan was last year able to send a cheque for £1000 to the *Referee's* Fund for dinners for the little ones. This he made by the sale of Volume I. of "The 'House' on Sport," a book which consisted of articles written by members of the Stock Exchange on the branches of sport with which they had particularly identified themselves. The great success of the first volume prompted Mr. Morgan to produce a second, written on the same lines as the former book, but treating, of course, with different subjects. Naturally, everybody who has a copy of the first book will want the second (and last) issue, while, for those who require both, we believe there are some copies of the first still to be obtained. Are the Children to suffer because War Funds have to be supported?

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed The Broker, as he contemptuously tossed his newspaper on one side. "Believe I could write a better market report myself."

"Of course you could!" said The Jobber. "Yours is the very style for that kind of thing."

The Broker looked at him suspiciously. "What do you mean by that remark?" he asked.

"Oh, never mind! But, I say, suppose we try to write an imaginary Money Article this morning. There's nothing in the papers about the War. Each of us write a little bit, eh? We'll make old Brokie editor, shall we?"

The other occupants of the carriage laughed, and consented.

"What shall we call our paper, to start with?" inquired The Engineer. This was a poser.

"Let's call it the *Financial Blues*," quoth The Merchant.

But The Jobber dissented. "A course of the *Financial Blues*," he said gravely, "could only have the effect of driving a man into the *Financial Crimes*. I think we will waive the title. Shall we? Suppose you lead off, sir," he concluded, turning to The Banker.

The old gentleman readily entered into the spirit of the game. "The condition of the Money Market," he began, "is causing grave uneasiness in Lombard Street. Despite the flow of the precious metal to the country, it is feared that the Bank Rate will soon have to be raised. Short loans can now be readily obtained at 10 per cent., and it is quite possible that people without any cash to lend will not be able to find profitable employment much longer for their very finest bills."

The Banker had never "come out" like this before. The Carriage gazed at him with increasing respect. "Excellent!" said The Broker, from his editorial arm in the centre of the seat. "We will cut the Consol cackle and Home Railway stuff, and pass on to our report of the Yankee Market 'From Our Own Correspondent'—in Wall Street or Change Alley or somewhere. Mr. Engineer, please consider me the printer's devil, and that I am waiting for your 'copy.'"

"H'm, h'm!" said the Engineer, clearing his throat. "I'm not sure that I can do—well, anyway—," and he gazed up at the lamp for inspiration for a second, then gabbed off very quickly—

"Commission houses threw large lines of specialities upon the market at the opening, and Barley Sugar Trust fell 19 points in two seconds, uncovering stop orders and bringing about a general decline in the whole list. Wild excitement prevailed for at least three minutes, but upon Mr. Treasurer Greenplum offering to give everyone a dollar's interest in advance if he would stop selling, a rally ensued, and the bulls, led by Mr. Tom B. Mustard, forced prices up with a tremendous bound. The shorts dashed to cover, and, on balance, the active list shows changes of $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$ in most instances. The day's sales totalled 354,900 shares, and sixteen times the number of whiskies-and-soda."

The editorial Broker nodded with approbation. "Good!" said he; "you have evidently learnt that it is of prime importance not to mention any Yankee shares in which your English readers might by any chance be interested. Next, please."

The Promoter caught the speaker's eye. "Yes, your turn," he observed. "No advertising, now."

"We are informed," composed The Promoter in his blandest style, "that the shares of the Hooleygan Cycle Cure were yesterday quoted at premium. It is—"

"One moment," interrupted The Jobber. "Is this gentleman's contribution going into the Money Article, or where?"

"I will have it put under 'Signals,' please," said The Promoter guilelessly.

"Ten shillings a line, and something for the boy, in that case," was the stern reply. "If you are personally acquainted with the Editor—as, of course, you are—you pay double."

"I prefer quits," returned The Promoter, looking a trifle vexed. "When are you coming to the Mining Markets, Mr. Editor?" he asked The Broker.

"Just got to them," answered that gentleman cheerfully. "But I can't decide who shall do our Mining article. Let me see," and he ran his eye round the carriage with a perplexed look.

"You just try me!" jerked out The Jobber.

"The very man! Fire away!" cried his *confrère*.

"Business in these departments," began The Jobber, "continues in the same listless condition, and there wouldn't have been any fun at all yesterday had not old—"

"Sh!" exclaimed the Editor. "Goodness gracious, man, you are getting original! What on earth are you thinking about? Start again, and do have some respect for the best traditions of financial journalism. Originality, indeed!"

The Jobber apologised, and said he had forgotten himself. "I will try back," said he.

"—in the same listless condition. Almost the only feature of strength was furnished by Rhodesian Brownhills, familiarly known in the market as 'Aunts.' Energetic bidding carried the price of the shares from 19s. right up to 19s. 1½d. A line of shares which has recently been hanging over the market for many months has now passed into strong hands, and the width of the reef at the 9000-feet level is producing payable telluride. An early advance in price seems more than probable—" "I say, Brokie," he said, breaking off suddenly, "I needn't say the things left off two shillings down, need I?"

"It all depends upon what you want to—"

"—, —, —!" whistled a newspaper-boy on the platform as he finished up the chorus of "The Absent-Minded Beggar."

HORNCastle'S MANUAL.

We have received a copy of the new edition of Mr. Horncastle's book, and it will be found most useful to those who have to do with the formation of companies or the advertising of prospectuses. The information contained in the little book is very concise, and the forms of waiver clauses, underwriting letters, &c., will be of use even when the more elaborate work of Mr. Palmer is at hand for reference. The alphabetical list of issues advertised in 1899 is of great service, especially to those who have the lists for previous years at hand for ready use.

Saturday, Jan. 13, 1900.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. E. F.—We wrote you as promised, and regret our inability to obtain information. You might ask your bankers to inquire through their Edinburgh agents.

C. J. D.—As far as we have been able to find out, the price, both sellers and buyers, is 15s. for the £1 share.

GOLFER.—The word "over-draught" in banking language means an advance by the banker to the customer; in other words, that the person keeping the account has drawn out more money than he put into the bank, and owes his banker the amount for which his account is said to be "overdrawn." If a person is in good credit, a banker will sometimes oblige him by allowing this to be done, but generally requires security in the shape of stocks, shares, or the title-deeds of property to be deposited to secure the repayment of the amount due from the customer. The rate of interest depends on the nature of the security, but is generally 1 per cent. above the Bank Rate.

ERIN.—(1) The answer to your first question is, of course, "Consols," but you might buy Inter-Oceanic Railway of Mexico "A" Debentures if you want a little investment "flutter." (2) No, certainly not. (3) Because the company is doing very badly. (4) We very much doubt it, and advise no dealings with the shares.

F. W. P.—We have written to you.

CYCLES.—The scheme is probably illegal, but unless it is carried out liquidation appears to be the only alternative. In that case you will get nothing.

NOTE.—Many correspondents ask us for information as to shares in various private or small industrial concerns of which no information can be obtained from books of reference and nothing is known on the London Stock Exchange. We do our best by inquiries on Provincial Exchanges to obtain information, but, if this means fails, cannot undertake to enter upon a series of costly private investigations.

We are asked to state that dividend cheques have been posted to all the holders of the 6 per cent. Preference shares of Hardebeck and Bornhardt, Limited, for the half-year ending Jan. 13.